The Oxen and The Axe

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Madawaska River
Hwy 41
Griffith
Maadwood Lake
Denbigh
Simpson Lake
Arnstein
Lake
1945
Mc Lean Mun
Scott Farm
Bear Creek
Round Creek
Vennacher
Ombabika
Plevna
Ardock
Jeanleigh
Skootamatta Lake
Mazinaw Lake
Cloyne
Skootamatta River
Hinton
Northbrook
Hwy 41
No. 7 Hwy
Kaladar
CB

THE OXEN AND THE AXE

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THE OXEN AND THE AXE

Collected and edited by

The PIONEERS

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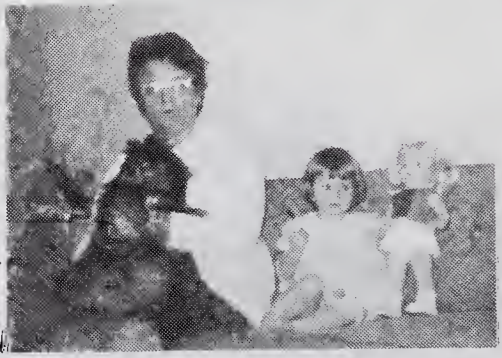
Clarence and Ruby Bishop

Oscar and Elizabeth Meeks



Ada Levere

THE PIONEERS

The Pioneers began as an organization to work on the fulfilment of a wish. Many in the northern townships of the counties of Frontenac and Lennox and Addington wanted to save the heritage of their memories. This is the last generation who will remember what their mothers and fathers and grandparents told them about the joys and sorrows of everyday living in the "Northern wilderness" as government was wont to call it. "The Oxen and the Axe" has recorded some of these stories against the background of the country in which the events occurred.

The Pioneers arranged public meetings in the township hall in Cloyne. Residents whose families had been around here for one hundred years or more began to bring in stories, treasured family photographs and documents. The entire book is on tape, filed for safe-keeping.

There were originally twelve directors. There are now fifteen. The production of this book was assisted by a Federal grant. As the Pioneers are a continuing group, with its funds in trust, the next project should be able to proceed on its own.

Nadine Brumell

Irven and Jean Brown

Alf and Geraldine Wickware

Sara Perry

Arligh and Mildred Maitland

The Unfriendly Land

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to those hardy souls, man, woman and child, who, through their daily lives have woven the tapestry to make up the community we now call "Home".

Making Maple Syrup

FOREWORD

Being part of the story of some of the people who were driven by the great storms of circumstance to attempt to win a living from the rugged hill country of Eastern Ontario, once a part of Canada West, once a hinterland of New France, once a crossroads for the hunters of native peoples now gone.

The tales told here are, for the most part, drawn from the northern townships of the counties of Addington and Frontenac. The brooding and beautiful Lake Mazinaw lies here and the nostalgic remnant of the old Addington road still seeks its way through the ancient hills toward the Madawaska.

This land was not kind to the man who would farm. It proved disappointing to the miner. Its forests provided work for many and wealth for some. There were small businesses set up to fill local needs and many prospered. However, there came a time when some of the specialized skills were not needed any more. The craftsmanship of the blacksmith, the cooper, the shoemaker, so urgently needed at first by the remote settlements, began to find a decreasing demand. The grist-mills and saw-mills along the rivers became silent and fell into wreckage. A man no longer needed to carry a bag of corn on his back to be ground at Denbigh or Flinton.

The Pioneers group was formed with the purpose of casting a kindly lamplight on those days. Although not demanding of as much muscular effort as clearing the forest or blowing up parts of the Sheild, the work that has gone into the preparation of this book has been of considerable proportions.

Approached apprehensively, tackled tentatively, confidence grew, until, with effort and patience resembling that of a team of oxen climbing the Eagle Hills, the thing was done. It required the better part of two years, about the length of time needed to produce a decent crop in 1860.

Sometimes it moved as fast as a log drive on the Skootamatta. Sometimes it hung up and had to be pried loose again. Now, like the charge of black powder that hasn't gone off yet although the fuse is lighted, there may be a loud noise or a dead silence. We do not know.

Memory is the blue pitcher on the shelf,
The wandering path across the creek to school,
The hopeful green of turnips and potatoes,
The broadaxe ring, the strugggling teams,
The little painted church beside the road,
The chunk of quartz that might have carried gold,
The shanty camp amid the towering pines;
Shadows against the sunset on the hills.

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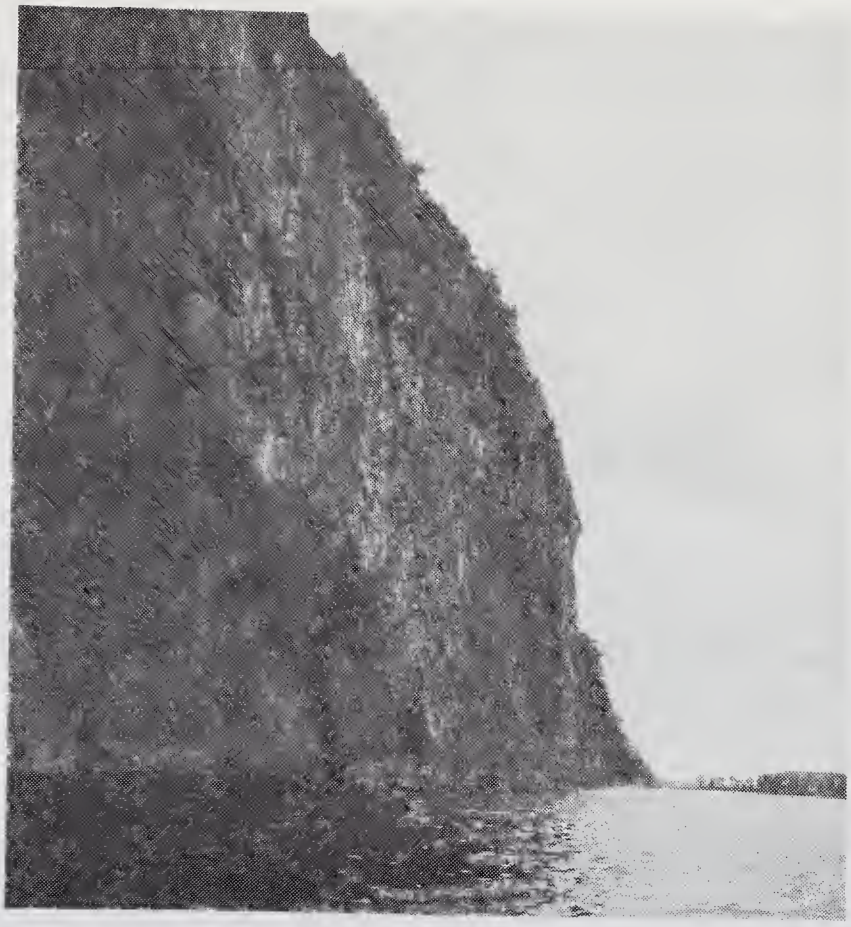


ROLL CALL

NADINE BRUMELL

This is the high red cliff
Sheared and up-thrust through time
And where it breaks the skyline, shadows lurk
And whisperings awake an ancient chill
And where it breaks the deep, dim realms of water
Callenge the little drawings, redder still,
Record unreadable of unread days.
Below them ragged holes that moan in storm,
Where, at full moon, from dark and secret place
The Maymaygwashi creep to seek their tribute,
Dark hands which place the dark tobacco leaves
Among the blood-red markings on its face.

The first white men to see the Mazinaw cliff and its drawings were probably French. Thirty-five years ago, the Royal Ontario Museum had in its possession a translation of a report by a Jesuit priest,

written in the middle 1700's. He travelled up what was to be called the Mississippi waterway with Indian paddlers and stopped to examine the massive wall in some detail. He must have once been in contact with the Eskimo, for he stated his opinion that some of the drawings showed Innuit influence. He also said that he had seen similar drawings on a lake to the east of Mazinaw. These have not been found.

By 1800, or perhaps even before, a few English-speaking traders and trappers must have gazed upon the cliff and wondered about the pictographs.

One of these seekers in the early part of the nineteenth century may have been a man named Meyer. Around the association of Meyer's name with the Mazinaw country grew the legend of Meyer's Cave.

The cliff itself is the eastern upraised part of what some geologists have said is a reverse thrust fault. It is pink granite gneiss. The whole appears to have been pushed forward to the north-west at an angle of about 45 degrees. Scuba divers say that the cliff is undercut about 40 feet down. This may have been caused by what the loggers used to call "the big eddy" above the narrows or it may be a natural overhang under water. Some divers say that there are quite large waterholes in the rock.

The cliff is badly fractured more or less at right-angles to the face. These fractures show up very clearly in aerial photographs. On top of the rock the fractures are seen as gullies of varying depth, thick with a scrub growth of trees, including oaks and maples. Some of the gullies have a trickle of water in the bottom. At one place there is sufficient flow to form an ice-fall in the winter and spring. In the sunshine, the ice is green with flashes of other colours of the spectrum. Farther south a cold pure spring emerges from a rock face about twenty-five feet up.

It is reached by climbing a slide through which the water reaches the lake. This slide used to be thickly overgrown with poison ivy. Blue-bells cling to crevices in the rock and honeysuckles and ferns. A fern of great rarity was discovered there. The roots of twisted cedars cling, even or steep faces where they have found a foothold. Little birches wage a hopeless battle to survive.

Topographical maps state lake level is 875 feet above sea level. The same maps give the high top as 1200 feet above sea level. This indicates a relief of 325 feet. If the rise between cliff top and the high point is 50 feet, as stated, this leaves us with 275 feet of sheer face in places.

Many years ago, Fred Garbutt, who owned Popi camp on the upper Mazinaw, had in his possession the metal parts of a flintlock pistol and about four inches of the tip of a broken rapier. He told me these had

been found on top of the rock. In view of the fact that musket balls have been dug out of trees on the rock, there may have been some long-ago, unrecorded hostilities.

Fred Garbutt also showed me a chunk of calcium cave deposit encasing part of a rib-bone of some animal. The bone was a few inches long and about one inch wide. He said it had been picked up where someone had apparently dropped it on the Dyer's Lake trail which runs behind the rock. It might well indicate the presence of fairly large caves in the marble formation to the south and east.

There is a crack, parallel to the face, on the top of the rock. Many people have dropped pebbles down it to hear them rattling far below. It is said that, a couple of generations ago, a man who became alarmed about the possibility of the face peeling off, decided to use an immense logging chain to hold it together and made some effort to install the chain. History does not say whether or not he completed the job, but in any event, the face has not come down.

Once upon a time a man had a little cabin on the rock. He was supposed to be searching for Meyer's Cave, but so far as we know, he did not find it. There are several fallen parts of the cliff where huge rocks have lodged in such a way that caves have been formed. In one of these there is a large rock embedded in the sandy floor.

Sand will run down around its edges. I have been told that once there was a hole there with the remnants of an old wooden ladder and a broken box at the bottom. There is also an eroded hole about twenty-five feet up on the cliff face, but this cannot be entered.

There are stories in the shadowy realm of legend which involve Indian victims being thrown off the rock and of the great council ring which once existed there. High up on the south end of the rock there is indeed what looks like a ring of large boulders. Whether these were man-placed or a peculiar arrangement of glacial erratics, it would take expert archeologists to say.

In the days when Bon Echo was a famous summer resort, owned by the Denisons, there was a stairway up the face of the rock above the narrows. This eventually became dangerous and had to be taken down. It was during those years that the memorial to Walt Whitman was chiselled on the rock. Some famous painters have painted at Bon Echo, including A. Y. Jackson and others of the School of Seven. Some took their paints to the top of the rock.

Some years ago, while prowling around up there, I found flakes of bright paint under moss in a little depression. The interesting thing about them, to me, was that they were all primary colors. One would ordinarily expect some mixed shades in the scraping from a palette. Something I had once read about the painted sprayer sticks of the Ojibwa went fleetingly through my mind. Generations of people have

experimented with the clear, loud echo which gave the cliff its name. When the lightening flashes and thunder rolls along the Mazinaw, the rock answers in terrifying, deep-throated roar.

The rock has been greatly modified by hundreds of millions of years of erosion and by the grinding destruction of the glaciers. Never-the-less, in comparatively recent times, there seems to have been more soil on top and in the gullies. Big trees once grew there. With the timber gone and slash lying on the ground, unrestrained fires burned in many places to bedrock. The ash blew off or washed away. The light-coloured band which appears at the base of the cliff and indeed, around the lake wherever massive rocks touch the water, is apparently due to the fact that water levels were raised over considerable periods of time by lumber companies to make it easier to bring their drives down the Mississippi. This also eroded soil from the shoreline.

The origin of the name Mazinaw or Massinog has been a subject of much discussion. Selwyn Dewdney believed that it almost certainly came from the Algonkin word Muzinuhigun, meaning picture or writing. That the vicinity of the narrows was a meeting place for pre-historic peoples over centuries is an interesting possibility. Just who the earliest ones may have been stirs the imagination. It is not at all clear, apparently, that all of the drawings are Ojibwa in origin, although wherever drawings appear in Ontario they seem to be of mystical significance to their Shamans.

In their great work on the rock paintings in Ontario, through Quetico and eastward, Kenneth Kidd and Selwyn Dewdney state that one hundred and thirty-five symbols were recorded at the Bon Echo site. The geometric abstractions, not found elsewhere are so marked that it was suggested that they might represent a culture distinct from drawings further west. It seemed to them also that the drawings were much older than those in northern Ontario. They suggested that these differences might represent the overlapping of another culture.

The copper people were in eastern Ontario and those who buried their dead in a flexed position in the centre of mounds. There are vague indications of sun-worship. Elsewhere there is evidence that long-ago peoples followed the retreat of the glaciers. Perhaps here too, there were hunters along the edge of the ice.

The Mississippi must have been a well-travelled waterway for a long time. There is another camping ground on the Brown's farm at the head of the Mazinaw where stone tools have been found. Alf Wickware remembers the discovery of a large clay pot in the vicinity of Tappings Bay when the present highway was being built. The pot was tucked in a crevice in the rock. Unfortunately, it was broken before it could be taken to a safe place.

The old route from above the head of Mazinaw across to Effinghan

and Weslemkoon and from there by a tributary of the York Branch to the Madawaska was not only an Indian waterway to the north, but was used by trappers and traders and is still sometimes used by canoe trippers. In 1901, Robert Ells of the Geological Survey of Canada used this route and describes it in some detail in one of his reports.

Whether the Ojibwa, Massassaugas or Ottawas ever tangled with the Iroquois along this was, as they seem to have done to the west and north, is not known. It seems to be a well-established fact, however, that a wide trail ran along the Skootamatta River when the first white man came into the district. From Skootamatta, the trail crossed to the Mazinaw. Trails from the south and east also lead to the Mississippi system and the Mazinaw.

At the meeting place by the narrows between upper and lower Mazinaw watchmen on the cliffs could certainly see all who approached from any direction —enemy or friend. Who was the first watcher on the cliff? We shall probably never know.

THE MISSISSIPPI WATERSHED

There were eagles that used to float serenely above the height of land now known as Eagle Hill. This is situated between Denbigh and the Ashby Lake road and an earlier road used to curve and climb its way up the side and on into Denbigh.

On this height of land are two small lakes known as the Duck Lakes. The water from these flows south. Not too far away are Cedar Lake, Denbigh Lake and Crooked Lake. The water from these flows north-east into the Madawaska via what is known as Hyde's Creek.

A small creek meanders from the Duck Lakes down through the old fields, past Scott's store along the flats until joined by Louse Creek, then into Irvine's or Quinn's Lake. A short stretch then into MacEvoy Lake, where it is joined by Bear Creek. Out of MacEvoy it becomes known as the Mississippi River, not a large river, but on it wanders, joined by Mallory Creek, and into Mazinaw Lake. Down past the great cliffs of Bon Echo with their ancient Indian paintings, through Marble Rapids, Marble Lake and thence on down the chain of Lakes to Carleton Place and eventually into the great Ottawa River.

Mazinaw Lake was known as the Mishinog by early settlers. MacEvoy, Quinn and Pheeny's Lakes all were named after early lumbermen in the district.

Who were these men?

Loggers' graves on the Mississippi

Drive on the Mississippi

LOGGER

It's fifteen a month and found:
Bring your own tea.
The shanty's set high and sound,
Blankets is free.

Toad moss burns good in a pipe,
New bunks aint sour.
The salt pork don't come too ripe;
We got clean flour.

You got bad hurt, you come in
We treat you fine.
We got white cloths in a tin
Some iodine.

You look like real good stayers
Born to do it;
The company's good payers,
No worry to it.

From here to Brule landing
Them rampikes climb
We leave no pine top standing
Come break-up time.

The waters of the Mazinaw watershed no doubt were the means of the first settling of the area.

The first, of course, were the early bands of Indians who used them

in hunting and trapping. There must have been places where they encamped. One of these we know as the open fields above the sand shores at the head of the Mazinaw Lake. Various arrow heads, skinning stones, axe heads, and such, have been plowed up there in days gone by, to attest to this theory. We also know that at some period in time some of them stopped long enough to paint the ancient drawings on Bon Echo's cliffs.

They may have been joined here too by the French Courier de Bois in trapping and trading forays out from the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Valleys.

As far as we know, it was the lumbermen who next moved into the district. There was squared timber cut in Anglesea township on the west side of Cloyne as early as the 1820's. Army men travelling through were supposed to have spotted the pine and loggers came up from the Ottawa valley via the Mississippi to take it out. The Skootamatta also provided a waterway.

The logs taken out in those days and until the market for them disappeared with the advent of the steamship, all had to be squared. Nothing smaller than would square twelve inches was taken, meaning of course an appalling waste of material.

The only market was Great Britain. The colonies were not allowed to trade in timber with other countries on their own.

The timber spotters come in first in the late summer. The early lumbermen found that Indians were very good at this once they learned what was wanted. Also they could find their way about the country much better than the white man.

Next, the loging shanties were built as near the centre of the cuts as possible. Gangs were recruited among the settlers along the front. To a lot of men it meant the only menas of making any money for their families. For the younger men, it was their life in those days.

Roads were swamped out to the nearest streams or lakes and the log-cutting began in earnest. The logs were left as long as possible, some up to one hundred feet, as the long straight pine brought a good price as masts for the old-time sailing ships.

They were marked, scored, and squared: then the oxen and teams skidded or drew them and dumped them on the shore or the ice of the nearest stream or lake to await the log drives in the spring.

Life in the earlier logging camps was very primitive and the diet was not any better. Salt pork and beans, along with a type of bannock bread cooked in iron kettles buried in the coals was the only food. If you wanted tea, you took your own. The Indians taught the earlier

settlers to steep the spruce buds for tea to prevent scurvy. I heard from some older settlers that some of the old loggers would even eat the ants if they found a nest of them in a hollow tree to give a taste of vinegar and stop scurvy.

The log drives would start as early as possible in the spring to utilize the high water from melting snow and ice. Often the gangs would be gathered by the log dumps awaiting the moment the ice went out as "first to Quebec" was an achievement greatly prized.

The great timber ships would be gathered at Quebec City as soon as the ice was out of the St. Lawrence to await the first log rafts.

Camp on Bear Creek

THIS WAS YESTERDAY

By Edna Meeks, as told to her by Tanhill Meeks, one of the oldest residents in this area.

While there had been a few scattered settlers in earlier years, general settlement of this district really began with the completion of the Addington Road in 1854. The road had been cut out by A. B. Perry, but it was rocky and rutted and only a lumber wagon could be driven over it. Mud-holes in the spring break-up, steep, icy grades in the winter and clouds of dust in dry weather, made travelling a considerable adventure. However, it provided access for the settlers who began to take up land along the road.

Denis Meeks was one of the first to decide to settle. He came to the district in 1858, liked the opportunities he saw, and moved his family here the following year. He was born in 1826 in the State of New York and moved to the Township of Camden East when a small boy. His wife was born in 1834.

At the time of Denis Meeks' arrival here, there were only two settlers in the immediate area. John Winters had built his home in the vicinity of the rock-cut, near the present No. 41 highway on land now owned by Dr. Hannah. Davis Hawley lived at the Loon Lake corner on the lot now owned by Archie Meeks. Denis Meeks built his house on the property now owned by his grandson, Oscar Meeks.

This first house was a large log house and evidently the lumber used in the floors must have been brought in by wagon, as at that time there was no sawmill here. At this time there were eight children, the eldest 12 and Tan, the youngest, 9 months old. There were five more children born after the family settled in the Cloyne area.

Other settlers to arrive in 1860 included Ray McCausland, Charles Snider, Hawley Stevens, Dodge, Tapping, Pethick, Maynard, Mountenay.

In 1861, Charles Snider set up a mill at the old Depot on the Marble River just below the present bridge at the foot of the Mazinaw.

There was no church and no school at this time. Ministers used to come through on horseback and hold services at the settlers' houses. They used to appoint someone to carry on the services in the meantime. The first schoolhouse, built in 1868, was on the Addington Road close to the turn to Loon Lake as it is now. Nicholas Quakenbush was one of the first teachers in the one-room school. The first chuch (Methodist) was built about 1870. It is still standing.

As the community developed, there was a need for supplies and the first store was built by John Clark on land now owned by Alf Edwards where the Wickware Hotel once stood.

Later, Bob Clark, son of storekeeper John Clark, built a store where Harry Levere now owns a house in Cloyne. The first post office is

believed to have been kept by Bob Clark. The Tapping place, which is now part of Bon Echo Provincial Park, also had a post office.

Deer were very plentiful when the first settlers came in, but although short on food often enough, it seems that the settlers didn't know enough to kill them, nor did they know how to trap the numerous fur-bearing animals. As they lacked enough tools and livestock, they also, in many cases, did not have firearms or trapping equipment.

The soil was fertile and any kind of common vegetables could be grown, including plently of turnips. A clearing was made, the ground was dug up with a kind of hoe, and the seed dropped in holes. Sometimes seeds were planted between the stumps, until there was time and help available to get rid of the stumps, often by burning them out.

Nearly all the things people ate had to be grown as there was no local place to buy anything at first. Denis Meeks used to walk to Newburgh and carry supplies home on his back.

These first settlers didn't have much to eat. Often a meal was potatoes and salt. It is said that Mrs. Denis Meeks used to sit at the table and cry because she didn't like potatoes, although the children didn't seem to mind. Some families didn't even have potatoes and some went hungry for a couple of days. Many grew corn. It could be ground at Northbrook at Connor's Mill or taken to Bridgewater by ox-cart. The corn meal was used to make Johnny cake, as well as other things. The settlers might be short on food, but they were very sociable. When anyone had anything special to eat, like a shortcake, they would invite neighbours in to help eat it.

Denis Meeks brought a cow when he moved here. Soon afterward, he bought a yoke of oxen. Tan Meeks says his mother used to make butter from the cow and put it away to have for visitors.

The children were taught to be useful and to make do with what was available. Tan remembers that he was eight years old before he ever had a boot on his foot. This first pair had copper toes and he was so proud of them that he gave them great care.

When Tan was small, groups of Indians used to come through in the spring on their way over toward Loon Lake (Skootamatta). Sometimes three or four groups would join to hunt deer and dry the venison in camp. They dragged their possessions on a kind of toboggan; blankets, ropes and so on. One of the Indian families was named Louis and Tan and his brother Davis used to watch for them when they started back East. The Indian Louis would give them pieces of dried venison, which was considered a great treat.

Christmas was celebrated with whatever the settlers had and the children considered themselves lucky if they received homemade sleighs and some candy.

When the cutting was done
Tom Irvine

BUT NOBODY LISTENED - 1855

In the midst of the vast enthusiasm, vocal and written, for the development of crown land in the first half of the last century and later, words of warning appeared. Sceptical of the cut-it-all-down, plough-it-all-up factions in Upper Canada, there were men who saw the folly of what was being done and what was being proposed. Allan Gilmour, partner in the great Gilmour Lumber Company with its far-flung interests and A. J. Russell, government agent in the Crown Land Office in Ottawa were two of these men.

Both Russell and Gilmour could see that most of the rocky shield areas could never be profitable for the farmer and both could see the waste in cutting timber without thought of the future, particularly in times of falling prices. They have left their written opinions in the Archives of Upper Canada. These opinions are particularly applicable to much of the area covered by this book.

A. J. Russell opposed a proposal by T. C. Keefer that timberlands should be surveyed and offered for sale to settlers. Keefer believed that the timber would be an enducement to settlers to purchase the land and settle on it for the sake of revenues resulting from cutting the timber. Russell pointed out that much of the timber country was land on which settlers could not establish farms on a long-term basis. Sale of the timber might provide revenue for a year or two, but after that the poor soil would make farming prospects dim and the future uncertain. Russell was deeply concerned about the future prosperity of both the settlers and the lumber industry.

"A little reflection will show that we sacrifice rather than secure our progress and future national power if we unnecessarily destroy our timber forests, which cannot be replaced and which gives us command of an important staple of trade, to obtain comparatively barren fields for settlement."

Allan Gilmour had some very definite ideas when asked to give his opinion as to whether the lumber business was retarding the settlement of the country.

"On the contrary, it has occasioned extensive settlement which would not have taken place but for the market created for farm produce required in our business."

The lumber industry also provided employment for the districts in which they carried on operations. In this area, two or three generations have worked in the bush or on the drives. Many settlers also found a market for their produce, which, for the most part, could be bought by lumbermen for less than it would cost to have it sent in.

The aspect of settlement to which Allan Gilmour took exception was the sale of timberlands to settlers, who cut it over, and were left in a short time with almost worthless land. In these cases, the clearings and cabins were often abandoned when the settler found he could not grow enough profitable crops or he struggled on with a kind of grim determination.

There were, of course, many clay loam and sandy loam flats and old river bottoms where crops flourished in the early days, but they were not numerous enough to support a very large population.

Like Russell, Allan Gilmour could look beyond his time to the future of the timberlands and the lumbering industry.

"The best way to encourage the timber trade of the country would be to limit production instead of forcing it as at present. What the trade has chiefly suffered from (and with it the country connected) therewith) has been overproduction and glutted markets in consequence."

Gilmour also pointed out the great need for roads and suggested that Government assistance should be available to build them.

In looking today at the evidence of the destroyed forests in this area, the erosion of soil after the great fires and the many rocky, abandoned farms, it is interesting to know that more than one hundred years ago, these men knew what was going to happen and made some effort to apply common sense to the question of settlement and who could see the possibility of a continuing lumber industry if the now vanished forest had had some official protection.

MADAWASKA OLD TIMES
By Fred Scott

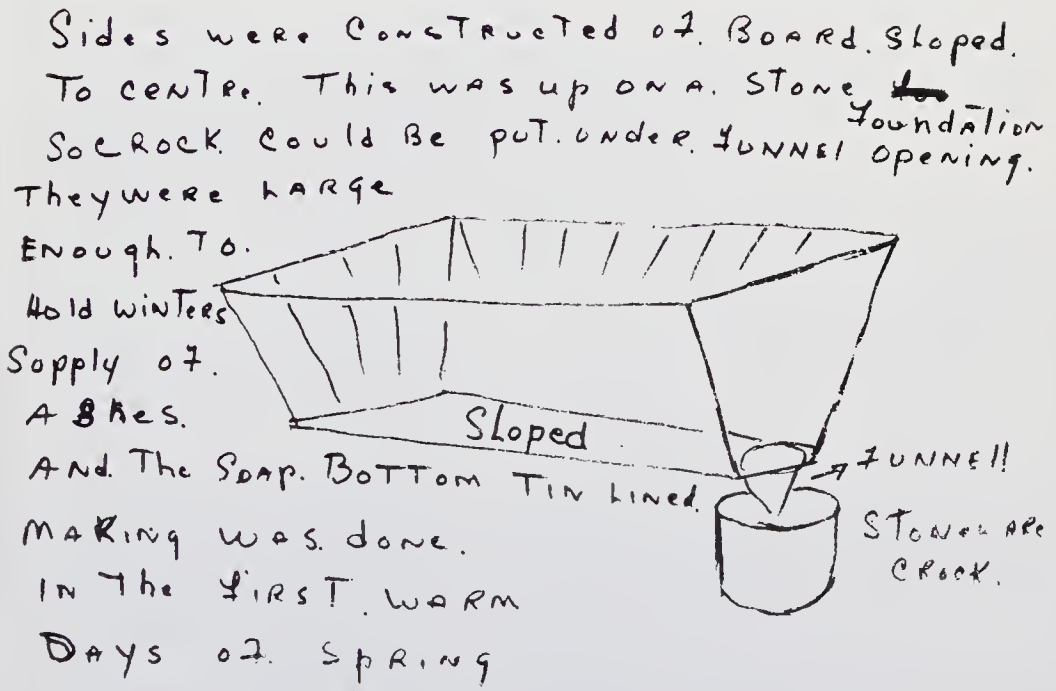
Today I wandered down the shore,
A change I saw from days of yore.
I met two men with locks of snow
Who, like myself, their steps were slow.
Yes! They were the same as I,
To note what changes they could spy.
We talk about the water's roar
And waterfalls we'll see no more,
Where once they rushed through timber jams,
Are flooded now by Hydro dams.

Without the gang we feel alone,
At this old camp-ground jungle grown,
Where once the camboose fires were bright,
We felt their warm glow through the night.
We were young men who took the call;
The work was hard, the pay was small.
We slept in tents on evergreens;
Ate camboose bread with pork and beans;
We faced the cold in home-spun togs;
We scored the timber and cut the logs.

We were so poor, yet with good cheer
We worked, we toiled, from year to year
And when we asked each other why
The Madawaska made reply -
You men are lonely, so am I,
Modern speed is the reason why
They do the work the modern way,
We are too slow for them today.
Though white your hair, you're only boys,
In fact, today we're only toys.

What e'er you did required a crew
Today, much more is done by few,
To lumbermen in days of old
To them, I was a mine of gold.
They cut the pine from vale and hill;
I took their timber to the mill;
In doing so there were mishaps,
But they were not my fault perhaps -
So, in the times of work and strife,
A few may fall and lose their life.

I feel deserted in the spring;
No river friends on shore to sing.
The camboose fire have long since gone
And no one hears my river song.
Since all my friends are laid to rest,
Their souls have gone to higher rank,
Their bodies buried in my bank.
The times have changed, they can't remain,
Old times will not return again.



HOMEMADE LYE FROM ASHES

The early settlers made their own lye by constructing a kiln as it was called. All winter the ashes were gathered from the stoves and dumped into the kiln. Usually, body hard wood was burnt as it held the fire at night better and gave off better heat. These ashes made the best lye.

The kiln was a box-like affair about four feet square by three and a half feet deep, constructed as sketch. The bottom was lined with tin and sloped to a funnel-shaped opening with a stone crock underneath to catch the lye.

Water was poured over the ashes and the drainage was the lye.

This was measured out with the winter's accumulation of drippings and fats carefully saved from the kitchen. The best soft soap was pork fats, but if **hard** bar soap was wanted, beef tallow was added, or mutton tallow.

The unsalted fats were melted over an outside fire in what was know as a potash kettle. Cooled, the lye added and stirred until of right consistency.

The soft soap was kept in a wooden barrel or keg near the wash stand at the back door and one scooped out a handful to add to wash basin for hand and face washing or a ladle or so for dishes and clothes.

If hard soap was made, it was poured into a wooden box, allowed to harden, then cut into bars. If a finer soap was wanted, best of fats and tallow was used and oatmeal added to whiten complexions.

A source of income for the earlier settlers was the sale of potash.

In clearing the land, the maple logs were burned in stone kilns. These ashes were leached in smaller kilns and lye collected as described before was boiled down in large iron kettles outside until almost like tar. This was poured into wooden barrels, where it hardened. These barrels brought up to $25.00 per barrel.

DIRECTIONS FOR SOAP MAKING

To make 8 pounds of superior soap with boiling, dissolve one can of lye in 2½ pints of cold water in a stone jar or iron vessel. Stir until lye dissolves. Allow to cool. (Lye will heat the water.) Melt 4 lbs. of clean grease tallow or lard. Set aside until nearly cool, but still in liquid form.

Now, slowly pour dissolved lye into grease, **not grease into lye**, and stir until lye and grease are thoroughly combined and the mixture drops like honey from stirrer. Stir slowly, but not too long or the lye may separate. Stirring may take 5 to 10 minutes, according to grease and weather. Pour into a wooden box with a cotton lining. Cover it well and set in a warm place for one or two days. Turn out and cut into bars. Lye must not be above 80 degrees F. Grease must be clean and not salty and not above 120 degrees F. or just warm to hand. Lye at simmer heat.

THE PERRY OR ADDINGTON ROAD

ITS BUILDERS AND ITS SETTLERS

1854 - 1867

By Donald Perry

Donald Perry of Harlowe recently delved into the history of the Perry or Addington Road built by his great uncle Aylesworth Bowen Perry, who was also a public land surveyor and completed by his great grandfather Ebenezer Perry.

In the following story he gives an account of the origin of the road and its effects on the settlement and economy of the entire northern area of the County. Of particular interest is the vast amount of timber taken from the northern areas and floated down the Ottawa River via the Madawaska River and Mississippi River.

In 1854 a number of roads in the eastern and middle sections of upper Canada were to be opened by colonization grants.

(I) A road from Madoc in the County of Hastings following public land surveyor Elmore's line in a northerly direction to intersect the Pembroke and Mattawa Road a distance of about 100 miles.

(2) A road from Sheffield in the County of Addington to Hydes on the Madawaska Rive· 56 miles in length.

(3) A road from Madoc to Hydes about 40 miles in length.

These roads were to open up a thorough-fare between the old settlements in the Counties of Hastings, Prince Edward, Lennox and Addington and Frontenac and the lumber establishments on the tributaries of the Ottawa River affording the farmer a good market for his supplied at a much lower rate.

North and east of these roads was the Frontenac-Madawaska road from Hinchinbrook to the Madawaska River built by Warren Godfrey.

The Mississippi Road, built by Snow, a surveyor, extends from the Mississippi River in North Sherbrooke to the Hastings Road west of the Addington Road.

The Opeongo Road in the Renfrew and Ottawa district.

In the following report you will realize the enormous amount of timber taken from this area, mostly red and white pine, of which there was an abundance.

Gilmour and Company and A. S. Rathbun and Company were the major companies in the timber business.

Most of the timber was floated down the Mississippi and

Madawaska Rivers to the Ottawa River, where it was milled and most of it was used for England's ship-building industry, construction work, etc.

Later on, dams were built on these rivers and water power mills were set up where a large number of these logs were sawn into lumber which was in good demand by the settlers.

These reports were presented to me by Mr. J. C. Elliott of Ottawa who copied them from the Journals of the legislative assembly of the province of Canada and the sessional papers that accompanied these journals.

Ebenezer Perry, a brother of A. B. Perry, who surveyed and built the North Addington Road, was the great-grandfather of Mr. Donald Perry

The surveying of township lots and bringing in the settlers on their free grants of land and the logging industry was the beginning of progress in this part of Canada.

The farmers depended on the loggers as a market for their surplus produce and the loggers depended on the farmers to supply them their food.

I am going to report that part of the building of the Perry or Addington road, its settlers and some of the logging industry.

Ebenezer Perry, my great grandfather was in charge of placing the settlers on their land. His brother, A. B. Perry, a public land surveyor, surveyed and built the road. He also surveyed the township of Barrie in Frontenac County.

From the sessional papers of 1854-55 the site of the road was entrusted to A. B. Perry, an experienced and intelligent surveyor who had an extensive and practical knowledge of the location and reported on a favourable line for a road from the Clare River in Sheffield Township to Hydes on the Madawaska River.

At that time, the firm of Gilmour and Company was manufacturing annually about 30 million feet board measure and had employed 1,500 to 2,000 men directly.

"Sessional Papers of 1856"

A report to Wm. Hutton from David Gibson from a statement received from A. B. Perry stating 45 miles of road had been made with bridges at an average cost of 53 pounds per mile.

Mr. Gibson had examined 26 miles of the road and reported it satisfactory considering the means at Mr. Perry's disposal.

Mr. Perry repaired the bridge over the Clare River which was partly destroyed by flood water. He also built the bridge over the Madawaska River.

In Mr. Gibson's report, he also stated that Mr. Perry had constructed this work in a very capable manner and with great regard to economy by men employed by the day.

Settlers were given free grants of land under certain conditions!

That the settler be 18 years of age or over; that he take possession of the land allotted to him within one month and put in a state of cultivation at least 12 acres of the land in the course of four years, build a house at least 20 x 80 feet, and reside on the lot until the Conditions of Settlement are duly performed, after which accomplishment being filled the settler has the right of obtaining title to the property.

The road having been opened by the government, the settlers are required to keep it in repair.

The log house required by the government to be built is of such description as can be put up in four days by five men.

The neighbours generally help to build a log cabin for newly-arrived settlers without charge.

The heavy timber land is almost always the best and of it the ashes of three trees, well taken care of and covered from wet will produce a barrel of potash worth from six to seven pounds. The capital required to manufacture potash is very small and the process is very simple and easily understood.

A settler on these lands possessing a capital from 25 to 50 pounds according to the number of his family will soon make himself comfortable and obtain a rapid return for his investment.

Farm produce of all kinds is in great demand by the lumber or timber merchants who are carrying on extensive operations throughout these parts of the County.

"Sessional Papers of 1858"

On the Addington road, the townships of Abinger, Ashby, Barrie and Denbigh have been in whole or part surveyed. They comprise an area of 205,000 acres.

On the Addington there are 300 lots surveyed. 183 lots are at present occupied and the locatees have 560 acres under improvement. A settlement of this road is superintendended by Ebenezer Perry.

Re Post Offices

Flint post office in the township of Kaladar, County of Addington with N. Trumper as post master was established July 1, 1856.

Kaladar post office in the Township of Kaladar, County of Addington, postmaster E. F. Dunham was established January 1, 1857.

Flint post office township of Kaladar, postmaster John Lansing was closed on the opening of the Kaladar post office.

Kaladar post office was where the present-day Northbrook now is and was later moved south when the C.P.R. came through.

After the Flint post office was closed the residents must have had to go to Kaladar post office for their mail (now Northbrook).

A post route was established from Clareview to Kaladar January 1st, 1857, one delivery per week.

In a report dated January 13, 1859, from E. Perry to the Department of Agriculture giving the statistics of the settlement of the Addington road for that part of the year commencing February 19th and ending December 31st, 1856, as follows.

During that time there had been cleared 309 acres of land, 358 acres chopped. In September and October there were sown for fall grain 136 acres. During spring and fall, 52 acres were seeded to grass.

The increase of population for same time was 178.

The settlers have made comfortable houses for themselves and provided stables for their cattle. They have a very good supply of provender consisting of straw and marsh hay.

During the whole summer the extremely wet weather retarded the development of the settlement. It was possible to burn off brush or logs only on hard timbered upland. The turnip crop was nearly a complete failure due to wet weather and bad seed.

I am personally acquainted with every settler and can bear testimonyto their sobriety and to their industrious and frugal habits. Their perseverance in overcoming every obstacle that arises against them making a home for themselves and families. No quarrels exist. All creeds and religions and politics co-mingle in harmony and peace and good feelings prevails the whole settlement.

Signed, Ebenezer Perry.

Another letter dated Tamworth January 23rd, 1860, from E. Perry to W. Hutton, Secretary, Bureau of Agriculture, Quebec, as follows:

During the year ending December 31st, 1859, there has been an increase of 117 in population on the free grant lots on the Addington road.

The length of the Addington road is 56 miles from the Clare River to the Madawaska River.

There are now cleared on the Addington road 1,008 acres. The population is 699 and the nationality of the families born in Canada West 89, Canada East 18, United States 11, England 24, Ireland 26, Scotland 4, Prussia 4, Denmark 1, Cape Breton 1.

The settlers have 35 yoke of oxen, 29 horses, 75 cows, 25 sheep, and a goodly number of young cattle and swine. They raised and manufactured the following articles in 1859:

Namely, 1,600 pounds of maple sugar, 750 gallons of molasses, 900 gallons of vinegar, $5,200 worth of copper work, 164,000 feet of sawn lumber, 291,000 shingles, 103 deer killed, $416 worth of furs taken 127 yards of flannel, 67 yards of fold cloth, 38½ tons of artificial and 281 tons of natural hay, 472 bushels of winter wheat, 158 bushels of rye, 333 bushels of peas, 348 bushels of barley, 2,432 bushels of spring wheat, 4,455 bushels of oats, 515 bushels of buckwheat, 11,656

bushels of potatoes, 11,000 bushels of turnips, 74 barrels of potash, 11,000 pounds of beef, and 13,000 pounds of pork slaughtered - amounting in the aggregate as per value of cash article in the statement to the sum of $22,546.

The reason which prevented several settlers from locating was the destruction of the Madawaska river bridge by log jams. Those who proposed settling in the township of Denbigh expected to obtain supplies from the settlement down the river and from Renfrew. The loss of the bridge cut off all communications for there is no road along the south side of the Madawaska River, and having no crafts for water communications they were compelled to abandon the settlement until a more favourable opportunity.

The frost in June cut off all forward grain and grass as well as corn, beans and garden vegetables. There is no one discouraged and through the whole length of the settlement all feel safe and that if blessed with health they will succeed.

No agues or fevers so prevalent in new settlements in the west are known on the Addington road. Pure water abounds everywhere and good feeling pervades the whole settlement.

Signed, E. Perry.

With a view to protecting the bridge built over the Madawaska River against the timber floated down and to aid the passage of such timber, a strong boom was constructed early last year at the cost of $448.48. A short time afterwards in the beginning of May a jam of about 3,000 pieces of timber formed at the foot of Snake Rapids about three-quarters of a mile above the bridge. This jam was broken by the lumbermen and about one-third of it passed down along the boom and under the bridge without doing harm, the remainder having come down in one mass, struck against and broke the boom, overset the pier to which it was made fast and lodged against the bridge.

Therefore, to liberate the timber, the lumbermen cut down and destroyed the bridge. Two bridges built by the government at this point have thus been wilfully destroyed by those rafting timber down the river. It has now been resolved to build another bridge of one arch spanning the whole width of the river.

Ebenezer Perry built the third bridge. He employed the combination of the principle of Howe truss and Queen post bridges and he spanned the river by one arch of 120 feet in length.

Timber Returns above Ottawa City 1860

Mississippi River 23,000 pieces of white pine, 2,000 pieces of red pine. Madawaska River 36,000 pieces of white pine, 17,000 pieces of red pine. Bonnechere River 14,000 pieces white pine, 6,000 pieces red pine. Petawawa River 16,000 pieces white pine, 15,000 pieces red pine. Deep River to Des Joachims 18,000 pieces of white pine and

2,000 pieces of red pine. Black River 19,000 pieces of white pine, 2,500 pieces red pine. Total 126,000 per white pine and 44,500 pieces red pine.

This gives one an idea of the amount of logging going on in this area in the year of 1860. In 1861 the timber from the Ottawa River and its tributaries above Ottawa city was 143,700 pieces white pine and 70,200 pieces red pine.

Addington Road Sessional Papers 1860

On this road 402 acres were cleared during the year 1860 and 293 acres chopped ready for clearing, which makes a total of 1,704 acres improved. The population is 774, being an increase of 75.

Mr. Perry, the agent, says a feeling of thankfulness to the giver of all goods prevails the whole settlement for the abundant harvest and a cheerful looking forward to the future.

Sessional Papers 1862

There were no settlers in the part known as the rocky range. This includes the rear of Sheffield and part of Kaladar township. During October and November the road from Eagle Hill to Madawaska River 11½ miles was repaired. This allowed a flow of settlers in unprecedented numbers. Eleven families moved in in one day.

During the year 1861, 27 families have entered on free grant lands on the Addington road. Nearly all are located in the township of Denbigh.

These settlers with their families number 63 souls. Four deaths occurred in the settlement during the year. This fact shows that the climate is healthy as the occurrence of only four deaths in a year in a population of 800 is a very small percentage.

The usual crops were grown:446 gallons of molasses at 80 cents a gallon, 1,115 gallons of vinegar at 25 cents a gallon, 433,000 shingles at $1.25 per thousand, 102,000 board feet of lumber at $6.00 per thousand, 53½ barrels of potash at $25.00 per barrel were manufactured.

Report of David Gibson, Superintendent of Colonization Roads

It has been found necessary to improve the Addington road from Lot 25 Barrie Township to the Madwaska River by re-grading it to a width of 14 feet.

This was under the superintendence of A. B. Perry. During 1861 the road was resumed by Ebenezer Perry, the agent for the road and completed to the Madwaska River.

P.S. The improvement of this road was a happy occasion for these brave pioneers who left home to settle in a strange land to carve themselves a home out of the wilderness.

Addington-Renfrew Road

The crosswaing and grading were completed in 1861 under the superintendence of E. Perry and the whole road is now open from the Madawaska River to the Opeongo Road.

The Addington Road

This road has been further improved from its commencement in Sheffield Township to the 27-mile in Barrie Township beyond Clarks tavern and Cloyne post office.

Many bad hills have been avoided by inexpensive deviations. Crossways have been repaired or removed and special attention has been paid to that most indispensable requisite of a firm road "drainage". Many parts of this road were extremely difficult to improve.

Education 1866

Kaladar and Anglesea Townships, by George Bretherton

We have many French Canadians among us and I am pleased to see that the parents avail themselves to the advantages offered by our excellent school system for the education of their children and the keen interest they take in school matters. This is very promising and seems to promise an amalgamation of the races.

Whilst the parents can scarcely speak our language, the children are taking the foremost position in our schools.

P.S. Much credit is due Mr. Elliott in presenting me with these interesting papers and advised that I prepare a report on the Addington Road.

THE OYSTER SUPPERS
By Gene Brown

Some nights to remember
To one and to all
Were the great Oyster Suppers
In the old Cloyne Town Hall.
When the Reeve of the Township
Asked Theressa Levere
To order the oysters
And bid all appear.
He was newly elected
And wanted to pay
His respects to the voters
In the sort of a way
That would stick in their memory
All next 'lection' day.
They came there in cutters
In sleighloads and Fords
From Flinton and Harlowe
And points to the north
With kids bundled up
Young lads hangin' tight
All appetites keen
And eyes shining bright.
When the hot milk was ready
And the Oysters dumped in
The crunchin' and crackin'
And fun could begin.
For a great steaming kettle
On the black box-stove stood.
You lined up with your basin
And thought of how good
Were the cakes, and the cookies
And pies that now lay
Along the big tables
'Til the legs fair gave way.
For Sara and Maggie
Bea, Lizzie and Kate
Had toiled o'er their cookstoves
Both early and late
To bring to the supper
The foods they did best
And there'd still be long hours
Before they would rest.
"Food fit for the heavens"
And a round of applause
To all of their efforts
In such a good cause.
At last the big kettle
Gave up its last drop
Bill crunched his last cracker

They thought he'd never stop.
Johnnie tuned up his fiddle
Wilf resined the bow
Stan Kring wet his whistle
And away they'd all go.
"Salute to your partner
Bring the girl you like best
Join hands in a circle
And away to the west".
No stop to the music
Once the caller yelled, "Come!"
'Til dawn o'er Missagon
Would chase them all home.
A lot of spring waters
O'er Marble Rapids have rolled
Since the days of our childhood
As these tales will unfold -
With a tug to your heartstrings
And a tear in your eye
Come these recollections
Of days long gone by.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
By Father Patrick Carty

The history of the Roman Catholic Church in the Townships of Kaladar, Anglesea, Effingham, Elzevir, and Barrie began in the 1850's with the arrival of the first Catholic families. The area in which these families settled was immense and the roads few. As a result, it was practically impossible for the families to gather as a community in any one place for Sunday worship. There was no Roman Catholic priest in the area but from time to time the priest stationed at Erinsville, some twenty miles to the south, visited the area and offered Mass in the homes of the scattered congregation. Some of the names of these early families were: Guina, Kennelly, Lessard and Johnson. Upon the occasion of these visits by the priest from Erinsville, marriages and baptisms would take place; the records of which may be found in the parish records of Erinsville.

On the twenty-second day of February, 1873, a meeting was held at the request of Father Michael Stanton, to form a committee to choose a site for and to look after the business of building a Roman Catholic Church to serve the Catholic people of the Townships of Kaladar, Anglesea, Elzevir and Barrie.

At this meeting a committee was formed with John Guina and Dennis Craigen elected to represent the Township of Anglesea; John Kennelly the Township of Barrie; Charles Johnson, the Township of

Elzevir. John Guina and F. Hott were elected joint Chairmen of the Committee and Moses Lessard Sr. was appointed Treasurer. Francis X. Lessard was appointed Secretary.

In the minutes of the meeting that followed, there was recorded the list of names of the men who had offered to donate land as a site for the proposed church. They were as follows: Moses Lessard Sr., F. Hott, Charles Brochu, John Guina, Dennis Craigen, John Kennelly, Charles Johnson, each of whom offered five acres of land.

The decision as to which of these offers should be accepted and hence the ultimate site of the church was left to the priest, Reverend Michael Stanton. Concerning the raising of money to finance the project, the parishioners were all to make out promissory notes payable to the Roman Catholic Church Committee. The first half of the note was to be paid by the first of June 1873 and the second half, by the first of November that same year. In the records, it is also noted that donations towards the building of the church were received from the "River Drivers", notably the Camps of Murphy and Maloney, and Peter Labarge. In 1874 a subscription was also taken up in St.Edmund's Parish, Stoco, Ontario, and the Township of Sheffield.

On the seventh of April, 1873, the decision of the site of the church was announced by Fr. M. Stanton, Charles Brochu and F. Hott. The land offered by Moses Lessard Sr., on the outskirts of the Village of Flinton was accepted. Construction was to begin as soon as possible with the result that on the seventeenth day of August, 1873, the corner stone was laid for the new church. The church was dedicated to St. John the Evangelist. Present for the occasion were Fr. M. Stanton, Rev. Pacquette and Rev. Gauthier and a large number of the congregation.

Until the year 1900 the Roman Catholic Church at Flinton continued to be cared for by the Parish Priests of Erinsville. Because of the distance, the road conditions and means of transportation, it was not possible to have regular Sunday services. In the absence of a priest, when an emergency arose, such as a sudden death, one of the parishioners, Charles Brochu used to vest in a cassock and surplice; conduct a Libera service in the church and say the prayers for committal at the grave.

However, in the year 1900, the Archbishop of Kingston, the Most Rev. C. H. Gauthier, placed the parish of Flinton and district under the care of a group of Religious Order priests, "The Company of Mary". The present rectory was purchased at that time from Wm. Campbell. Flinton would now have a resident Priest and Mass each Sunday. The installation of the new pastor, the Rev. G. M. B. Bridonneau, who was also superior of the Company of Mary, took place on the seventh of October 1900. That same day the Archbishop conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation upon one hundred persons who had been prepared by Fr. O'Meagher of

Erinsville. This occasion marked the beginning of a new era for the Catholic people of the area. The records tell us that the people were delighted. The priests of the Company of Mary are bilingual and the French-speaking families were overjoyed at hearing the priest address them in their native language. With the coming of the Marist Fathers, the Churches of St. Kilians, Ardoch, Palmerston (Ompah) and Levant were also cared for from Flinton. (St. Kilians church was dedicated in 1892.) On these trips to Ardoch, Ompah and Levant, the priests over the years were accompanied by James Champagne, Egbert Blakely and John O'Donnell.

Fr. Bridonneau was replaced after a few months by Fr. Charles Grenot, who remained until 1903. He was replaced by Fr. J. M. Le Neillon and the legendary Fr. J. M. Castex, who later became pastor of Penetang. Before 1903 was completed, Fr. Louis Chailloux was appointed Pastor. He was to remain until 1910. Fr. Chailloux was greatly loved by the people and won the respect of the people of the area in general. He was to be the last of the Company of Mary to serve in the parish. The Order had their job and there were now Diocesan priests to replace them. As a result, they moved on to work in Northern Ontario, where Fr. Chailloux was killed in a train wreck at the Spanish River Bridge while on his way to a mission in Sault Ste. Marie.

In 1910 Fr. John Powell became pastor of Flinton and the Ardoch Mission of St. Kilians, Ompah and Levant. He remained until 1916. Although Mass was not offered every Sunday in the Missions, it makes one shudder to think of the hardships these men endured travelling such distances over such terrible roads. In 1916 Fr. Edgar Piche succeeded Fr.Powell. Fr. Piche is remembered for his kindness, humility and love of horses. He served this huge, rugged area for fourteen years. He was somewhat of a musician also and legend has it that at many a parish gathering it was Fr. Piche on the banjo and Johnny Jackson on the mouth organ who provided the music. He would even on occasion give a lively step-dance exhibition. He is remembered with special fondness by the people of the Ardoch area, who perhaps appreciated better the sacrifices this humble little man made over the years in offering Mass and administering the sacraments to them. In 1930 Fr. Piche was replaced by Fr. W. J. Kinlin. During his pastorate, which lasted until 1942, he worked tirelessly to build up the faith of the people. A mission was held and it was preached by a Redemptorist by the name of Fr. Kehoe. The people who attended this mission say it was one of the great moments of their lives, and was an experience that would never be erased from their memories. Fr. Kinlin was a man of great physical strength and it was during his pastorate that regular Sunday services began in Ardoch.

In 1942 Fr. Joe Collins became pastor for about six months before becoming a Chaplain in the armed forces. In the fall of 1942, Fr. John Buckley was appointed pastor. He was to remain until 1949. The

beautiful stain glass windows were installed in the Flinton Church during this period. Fr. Laurier Lamarche became pastor in 1949 and remained until 1952. He renovated the interior of St. Kilians Church in Ardoch which had fallen into disrepair. He also began much needed repairs to the rectory in Flinton. Fr. John Ferguson, who succeeded Fr. Lamarche remained until 1959. He is remembered for his great priestly zeal, tremendous sermons and care for the sick. He also loved to play the organ and still holds the record for the unbelievably short period of time it took him to travel from one church to the other.

Fr. James McGarvey served as pastor from 1959 until 1963. He was a most dedicated man. He worked hard to repair the buildings of the parish and place the parish on a sound financial basis. He re-instituted the annual parish suppers in both Flinton and Ardoch, with the co-operation of the people. Fr. McGarvey was succeeded by Fr. Peter H. Murphy in 1963. Fr. Murphy, one of the most loved pastors, had the rare ability of being all things to all men. He loved the natural beauty of the area and the people who lived here. He was interested in the things that interested them and enjoyed the things they enjoyed. He was able to carry on the work of previous pastors. Perhaps his greatest achievement was the construction of a summer church in Ardoch to accommodate the growing crowd of Catholic summer residents. The structure which will seat close to four hundred people was built without debt. He remained as pastor until June 1970. Fr. Patrick Carty, the present pastor, succeeded him.

AS OTHERS SAW US

By J. W. Morden

Part of a story sent to Mrs. Jack Pettifer by W. J. Morden. In company with Dr. Sparks, a dentist from Kingston, he stayed at the Tom Irvines and the Jack Pettifers and hunted with them over a period of years early in this century. In those days the "Kick and Push" railway, from Kingston through Sharbot Lake, took them to Lavant Station. From there they travelled 22 miles by stage coach to Plevna, where they stayed overnight. The next day they hired a horse (Fred) and a buckboard at the livery stable in Plevna and set out through Wensley to Vennachar. At Vennachar they met Wesley Connors who kept the post office and general store and who offered them the hospitality of his home. From Vennachar they drove south past Ferguson's corners to the Irvine farm. It is remembered that Dr. Sparks used to bring some of his professional tools with him, including a treadle drill, and do some emergency repairing of teeth while in the district.

J. W. Morden and friends

"At eventide, we drew up in front of what was to be our dwelling place for a week or two, the Irvine ranch. After greetings from our host to be, introduced us to his eldest son, Milton, and to his wife, who was to be our hostess. The elder Mr. Irvine was a widower, his wife having passed on some time previously. As we looked about, everything was strange and when told we were seven miles from the nearest neighbour, twelve miles from a post office, and thirty-two miles from the nearest railway station, we felt quite isolated strangers in a strange land, as it were. The house, a two-storey frame, unpainted (it is still unpainted) with no locks on the doors or windows, was built by father and son. It replaced a log cabin which had been turned into a workshop.

The buildings nestled in between two lakes, Quinn and McEvoy, and faced a clearing surrounded by towering hills or miniature mountains covered by a second growth of trees and bushes of various hues and colours, which had taken the place of the tall timber that had fallen prey to the axe of the lumbermen in previous days, and which then afforded protection for wildlife in that territory. The large timber had been rafted down the lakes and streams to saw mills to be converted into lumber for the Old Country market. The old log slides on the various streams still remain in many instances, though somewhat decayed and are of real interest. The outlook from the Irvine dwelling is quite picturesque and is well named Pleasant Valley. The stillness of the place is most impressive. It was said you could hear a rooster crow on a still morning three miles away. As we looked out into the darkness at night time, the whole sky seemed lit up with dancing lights and colours which changed from icy blue to

dazzling yellow and purple. I had, of course, seen Northern lights before, but never beheld such a spectacle as this. We wondered if it had been put on in honour of our arrival. We were assigned to an upstairs room for the night, lighted with a tallow candle. We found a stove pipe from a wood stove going up throught the room, and a feather bed in which to rest our weary bones. We were soon dead to the world until the sun came peeping in in the morn.

Mr. Irvine, with an elder brother, James, on arrival at Montreal from Scotland while yet in their teens, were directed to Northern Addington to find employment. Lumbering was at its height at that time in this district. They were soon at work and with the Scotch thrift born within them, resolved to take up land and become home owners in this new country, which was one of the incentives behind their leaving Scotland. They took up three hundred acres each, about seven miles apart. To their sorrow, when the big timber was taken off and floated down the streams and lakes and the sun and rain got in to wash the moss off the rocks, they found they had less tillable land than expected. Then, too, with the timber, went the work hands, which left no local market for what produce they could grow. The brothers had their little means all invested, however, but visioned the day when they would have a railway which would afford an outlet for their produce; but the years came and went, and today they are no nearer a railway than forty years ago.

Our first visit was primarily to hunt partridge. Milton Irvine, the son, seeing only our shotguns, asked why we had not brought along our rifles so that we could take home a deer or two, as well as some birds. The next morning, Milton suggested our taking a walk with him over their small clearing. Coming to a log barn, he said, ''You thought last night on my referring to the absence of rifles I was kidding'', and opened up a door to convince us there were deer as well as partridge on their ranch. To our surprise, a large buck, hanging from the loft, met our gaze. He said, ''Thinking you might like some venison while here, I knocked this fellow down yesterday''. We had been on the ranch but a few days when we were convinced we were in a hunter's paradise. In the afternoon, in the company of Milton and a hound, we took a stroll up a log road and had not gone far before my attention was called to a big buck standing at the edge of some pines. Before Milton had time to draw his rifle, the deer had entered the bush. He suggested my taking his rifle and going on up the road about two hundred yards where the deer would likely cross when I would get a shot and he would put the dog in the bush where the deer had disappeared. After a long wait, Milton made his appearance. He asked if I had heard the dog or if anything had crossed the road, and while I was answering in the negative, old Cap, which was the dog's name, came walking leisurely out of the bush right in front of us. ''That settles it'', said Milton, ''We will take him down on the flats where we can shoot and bury him. I will not keep and feed the old fellow all year and have him act like this''. We had not gone far before old Cap shot by us with his tail up, and it was not long before we heard

him giving tongue. At once, Milton mounted a log. I can see him yet as he drew his rifle and, with the first crack out of it, down went the deer. Thus, old Cap's length of life was extended and for many years, he proved a wonderful aid in the hunting season. With old Cap we had another big hound which the doctor had procured in Kingston. He answered to the name of Ring. His action was peculiar. When in full stride his tail was in a constant whirl, and you would imagine he was being propelled by it. I recall old Cap and Ring started a big doe on a Wednesday morning near Garner Lake. I watched the race for some time and fancied they were rounding the lake and would come close to me when I could get a shot. I waited in vain. They went in an opposite direction until the dogs' voices were out of my hearing. We waited the dogs' return day after day. Mr. Irvine said old Cap would find his way back, could not be lost in the country, but days came and went and it was not until the following Saturday when, giving the dogs up for lost, and when hitching up our team to go home, the big dog Ring was noticed coming down the lane. I fancied I could hear him saying, "You are not going home without me". But where he had been or why so long away, we did not know. When underway, we overtook a hunter on the road with a rifle on his shoulder. As we were passing him, he called to ask if the big dog under the wagon was ours, saying he shot a doe in front of him on Wednesday about five p.m. Dog and doe were very tired. He hung the deer up and tried to drive

Game in 1890

the dog away, but he would not go. Going back two following mornings to see if the deer was all right, he found the dog there, but when going in that morning, which was Saturday, to bring the deer out, the dog was gone. He had been away from us from Saturday morning to Saturday noon. Having asked the location in which the deer was shot and our host being told, the next fall, he said the distance from where the race started would be all of nine miles as the crow flies, but zigzagging as no doubt he did, it would be many more miles they had covered. The old dog Cap never returned. He had either fallen by the way or got into a trap. We had numerous dogs during the years, one of the greatest being a black and tan, one-eyed hound called Jack. He was bred and trained by Dr. Jones of Kilbride, now residing in Hamilton. When this dog's voice was heard in the bush it was no false alarm, no fox or rabbit was in the chase, but a deer, and it was the exception if within a short time, his game was not brought within shooting distance. On our return the second season, we were equipped with rifles as well as shotguns. Needless to say, we returned home at the end of that season, the proud possessors of a bountiful supply of both partridge and venison.

Early in the following summer, we were advised by Mr. Irvine that his daughter-in-law had left with her husband for New Ontario, where the prospect for a future home was more alluring. This had left him alone and he was doing his own housekeeping, but if we cared to visit him in the hunting season again, we would be welcome. This news caused thought. The urge to get back to the bush was so strong that we decided if the host could survive his own cooking the year round, we could endure it for a couple of weeks. We were agreeably surprised, however, the housekeeping and the meals were of a high order. It was when complimenting him, we learned he had been his mother's chore boy in the old home in Scotland and he gave credit to her for all his accomplishments. The experience gained in the Canadian lumber cooking camp had also been an aid. Partridge and venison raced the table at nearly every meal. When acquiring venison for home consumption, deer were so plentiful it was the exception when the first one sighted was shot. It was a case of waiting until one came along that would be tender and nice eating. Next hunting season the invitation contained the information that our host had a housekeeper. On nearing the ranch, we met a German settler who told us that Tom Irvine had married again to a young widow, Carrie Crankshaw. When being greeted by our host on arrival, I ventured to suggest that I supposed congratulations were in order. "Who told you?", came the quick reply, "And what did he say?". On learning, he requested to tell Carrie when introduced to her just what her neighbour had to say about her. We ventured to remark on the groom's youthful appearance and were told by the bride she was completing a hair cut for her husband when we drove in, but did not have it quite finished. We learned later that she was very handy with the scissors, that she sheared her husband's sheep every year, washed the wool, carded it, and spun it into yarn. On my last visit,

one of the daughters was carding the wool, the mother spinning it, and a second daughter knitting it into socks.

The years could not all pass without a cloud to mar the sunshine. Jack Pettifer, a native of that country, one of our party, who had been putting out the dogs, met with an accident which necessitated the loss of his right arm. You would have thought this would have stopped his hunting. Not Jack. He asked if he would be permitted to put out the dogs when next year came around and the second year after, to our surprise, he carried a rifle, shot his own deer besides putting out the dogs which he kept on doing. Game to the core, is Jack. He has one of the best ranches in that part of the country, on which he does all sorts of work, even plows with his one arm. The other arm was taken off close to his shoulder. His good wife, who is a great help on the farm, says Jack has succeeded much better, which may seem strange, with his one arm than he did when he had two.

THE GHOSTLY HONEYMOON

By Martha Meeks

There have been many tales of honeymoons written over the years, but I doubt any are more unique than our tale of one that happened sixty years ago.

The courtship had been carried over a year. The groom-to-be decided enough was enough and the knot should be tied before he had to go away on another river drive in the spring.

The bride-to-be came to visit his parents' home about three days before the wedding and recalled that everyday living was rather primitive. She recalled going to bed with her future sister-in-law and there being a snow storm during the night. The snow blew in through the cracks and covered their bed to a depth of six inches. They had to yell for their hostess to come and shovel the snow out the window before they would venture out of bed.

The nearest marrying preacher was at Flinton and he, Anglican. The bride was of Free Methodist faith, the groom United, but the United minister was away, so according to them, they took next best.

They travelled to the best man's home, known as the "Old Springer Place" and stayed there overnight. No supernatural happening

occurred and the lady of the house was away. Early next morning, they set out for Flinton in the best man's larger cutter. It was a cold trip and the bride remembered the horses had to struggle to get through the deep drifts.

They went back to the Springer house for a wedding supper and, as the horses were tired, decided to stay the night.

What happened that night has stayed in the bride's memory very vividly, for the sixty years since.

There were seven people retired to bed at nine o'clock that night and all observed and remembered "The Happening".

All remained quiet until three in the morning when they were awakened by the cellar trap-door opening and closing. The stove was "cranked", pots and pans rattled; then footsteps came up the stairs. They went into the hostess' room where, she later reported, "It" seemed to be feeling around on the stand for matches. "It" went back down the stairs, "cranked" the stove again, then back up the stairs and into the bridal chamber. The groom had dressed by this time and, though his heart was beating loudly, stoutly held his ground and recited the litany supposed to scare away "haunts". Three times he said, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, what doest thou want?". Whereupon he got a stout blow on the shoulder, clothes blew out from the walls and the lamp and furniture shook and jumped. This kept up until daylight. All the occupants were dressed by then and went downstairs where the hostess built a fire. The bride said she put her foot on a trunk at the foot of the bed to tie her shoe and she couldn't hold it down. Whether or not it was the same trunk a grandson of the hostess was supposed to have found a skeleton in years afterward she didn't know.

On going down to the kitchen, the hostess asked her, "What do you think of that?", to which she replied, "I'm going to tell you the truth, that come from the Devil. That wasn't the Lord's work".

There were other happenings reported. Several of the sons of the household were thrown out of bed suddenly. Also one wall of the cellar every spring would fall in and nothing could be done to prevent it.

The reason given for the "hauntings" was that a clothes pedlar, who regularly made his trips through the district, was never seen again after going to that house to spend the night.

The lady of the house was reported to have odd things happen about her during her remaining years spent in the Cloyne area but ceased when she left the house and went west. "The Haunt" was said to have followed her west.

One neighbour reported giving her a ride to church. On returning

from the church, the back wheels started to drag. The horses were sweating, trying to drag the wagon along. As soon as she got out of the wagon, the wheels released and turned normally.

A tree her husband had planted at a former home broke off cleanly without any storm or wind, exactly where she had kissed it.

There may be logical explanations for these happenings, but not to the satisfaction of the bride. She still stoutly regards it as ''The work of the Devil''.

I doubt that few of us have had anything happen on our honeymoons as surprising as ''Martha's Ghostly Honeymoon''.

THE VENNACHAR FIRE OF 1903

By Lorne C. Ball

The year 1903 is remembered by the old-timers of Vennachar as the year of ''THE BIG FIRE''. About fifty years earlier the first settlers followed the Addington Road and the trails of the lumber companies into the northern part of Lennox and Addington County, and settled the Vennachar community, in what came to be the Municipality of Denbigh, Abinger and Ashby. Vennachar, presumably named after beautiful Lake Vennachar in Perth-Shire, Scotland, is at the summit of the watershed dividing Lake Ontario from the Madawaska Valley.

As the land was cleared, houses and barns were built. These were soon followed by stores, churches, cheese factories, a log school house and a small hotel. A couple of the farms were referred to as ''Big Farms''. Then came the Big Fire which dealt such a blow to the community that it never fully recovered.

It happened during a dry time in late April. A fire, fed by brush left behind after recent timbering operations, started east of Louse Creek, in that stretch of bushland between Vennachar and Lake Mazinaw. Fanned by a strong south wind, the fire came roaring into the Vennachar settlement. In a very short time, it had swept across about four miles of the settled part of the community, leaving behind a path of black, smoking ruins. Another fire the same day burned through the Snake Creek area west of Denbigh, where Stanley Gregg was working for a timber company. A third fire for that day is reported to have broken out in the Glenfield and Rose Hill area.

The first home to be threatened was that of Wellington Holmes. Mr. Holmes was in Denbigh at the time, having some wheat ground into flour at the Petzold grist mill. Mrs. Holmes carried the children

some distance from the house and waited and hoped. This was just four months before Herb was born. The fire swept past to the west of the clearing and the house was spared, but the wooden bridge at the foot of Bridge Hill did not fare so well.

At the Robert Gregg residence, the stable burned, but the house escaped. Mr. Gregg was in Plevna at the time getting a hundred of flour. The homes of the following settlers narrowly escaped as the flames raced north: George Gregg, William Sallans, and Phillip Ball.

Most of the loss was suffered at the intersection of the Denbigh-Matawatchan road. The comparatively new schoolhouse was destroyed, while just across the road the original log schoolhouse, built in 1866, escaped. Wesley Connor's residence, which included the post office and a small store, was completely destroyed. The fire got a start while Mr. Connor was helping a neighbour fight fire at his place. This combination store and post office was located just up the hill from where Mr. Connor later built a new store and dwelling. A log house near the Big Granite Boulder, a short distance west of the store was untouched and stood for many more years. Just east of the Connor store was the Vennachar house, a small hotel attached to the John Gilmore residence. At one time a small store had been included here. Two Jewish men operated a store in this building for a short time. Here everything burned to the foundation and was never rebuilt.

A quarter-mile east on the Plevna road, George Sweetman's large house and barn were burned. Nearby on the brow of the hill, the Methodist Church escaped unharmed. Across the road, the house in which the minister lived and a new parsonage under construction, both went up in smoke, and were never rebuilt. The many buildings of the Sam Buffam place a short distance to the east escaped completely.

Burning embers like flying torches were carried by the strong wind a mile or so ahead of the main fire front. These started smaller fires in many places. As the fire swept to the north, six homes with their barns and the Free Methodist Church were right in the path of the fire. These were the homes of John Cowan. James Jackson, Justus Sweetman, Charles Goodrich, Simon Ball, and John Ball. However, none of these suffered any damage to their buildings.

No one knows what further losses the community might have suffered if a good shower of rain had not come just when it did. When it started to rain, the fire was burning in the woods across the road from the John Ball residence at the west end of Ball's Lake. Some thought the rain was a Divine Intervention and perhaps they were right! As the dense smoke blotted out the sun and the very Heavens seemed to be on fire, Jane Jackson, a very devout christian knelt in the dust of the road near her home and prayed for rain. She believed that the God who sent rain in answer to Elijah's prayer, would send rain in answer to hers.

It is amazing that in spite of the number of buildings burned and the speed the fire travelled, there was no loss of human life.

Even tragedies have their human interest stories and sidelights. In this, the Vennachar fire was no exception. William Lane and his son, Algernon, were working in the bush near Vennachar, and it seemed at one time that the fire would trap them, but they escaped. Here's how they did it. Mr. Lane got on the horse's back. Son Al grasped the horse's tail and ran behind. They not only escaped the fire, but set something of a speed record for a man on foot, on a hot day.

Fifteen-year-old Beatrice Holmes (Mrs. Charles Ball) was helping Mrs. Simon Ball, whose son Chelous was then two weeks old. As the fire came menacing near, Mrs. Ball bundled the infant into the carriage and sent Beatrice with him to the John Ball home, in hopes that a measure of safety might be found near the lake. Hurrying over the rough road, the carriage upset and Chelous experienced his first traffic accident! Beatrice gathered up the baby, left the carriage behind and ran the rest of the way with the baby in her arms.

It was indeed, a day not soon forgotten.

A LEGEND OF MEYER'S CAVE

By Gene Brown

When the white man Captain Meyer
Left his home on the Bay of Quinte
With him went a lone companion,
His canoe-man helper, half-breed Francois.
Many times beside a campfire,
On his journeys to the northward,
While the bright flames gleamed and flickered,
And the smoke from pipes curled upward,
Had the trader heard the legend
Of Algonquin's sacred treasure,
In the land of the Mississagagon.
He had met then roving redmen,
Traded for their furs of beaver,
Mink and muskrat, fisher, otter,
Heard their tales of sliver treasure,
In the firelight his eyes would glisten,
'Round his pipe-bole his fingers tremble;
If he could but find that far place
Where the cave was, of Algonquin,
Guarded by their gods, and sacred;
Forbidden all but village Shaman,
He alone knew, where the silver
Lay in secret, so well hidden;
Passed on to him in dying whisper
By the Old One gone before Him.

Now at last the trader started
On his fateful journey northward.
Taking wily Francois with him,
For he knew the ways, the customs,
Could speak the language of Algonquin,
Well versed was he in deception,
Forked was his tongue for lying.
On they journeyed, northward, eastward,
Ever forward, ever searching,
Until they reached the lonely village
On the shores of Mississagagon.
There they found the aged Shamon
Sitting humped by his fire;
Mumbling, muttering imprecations,
Shivering in his musty wolf skins,
Strings of bear teeth gleaming dully,
And in his dark hair, eagle feathers
Dangled, draggled and broken.
Always seemed to the village,
He had been their trusted Shaman,
Been their sage and story teller,
Listened to their woes, and led them.
Now with traders' rum be-sotted
No more did he tell them truly,
When the moon was right for planting,
When the winds spoke well for hunting,
When the time was best for fishing,
When their nets would be the fullest.
Often talking to their war-gods,
Before they started out to battle,
Sent them forth with faith be-girded
In the out-come of the struggle.
Now evil times on them had fallen,
Graves among the ferns and bracken
Told the grim and silent story
Of the dreaded coughing-sickness
Brought to them by way of white man.
It had taken loved ones from them,
And left the ones behind heart-broken,
Huddled in their lonely wigwams.
Down they sat beside the Shaman,
Around about the young men gathered;
Passed around, like ancient peace-pipe,
Were the stilted words of greeting.
Pipes were brought and filled with 'tabac';
Time was spent in idle boasting,
Deeds of prowess, acts of cunning.
Around the circle went the urm jog,
Still the wily half-breed waited,
Until the young men snored in slumber,
Drunken, dreamless, stupid slumber;

Until the old man, senses rum-dulled,
Would not question why the white man
Wanted him, alone, to guide him
To the sacred cave of silver;
Until the old man nodded, mumbled;
Then the half-breed, eyes a-glisten,
Spoke in whisper to the white man,
''Now we go, 'ere these awaken,
Catch us, 'ere we start our journey''.
They stole swiftly around the fire,
Stepped among the sleepers softly,
Bundled up the old man roughly,
Quickly to the canoe, they took him,
Quietly, softly, like the mists go
Stealing past the reeds in morning.
When far behind them lay the village,
Only then they 'woke the old man,
Shook him until he roused and told them,
Marked their way and sent them onward,
Onward, until the gods of dawning
Brushed the eastward sky with morning.
Far behind them in the village,
The elders stirred, awoke, and wondered,
Where had all their young men gone to?
Where was the Shaman, or the white man?
Away they went to the Shaman's wigwam,
Found the young men, 'woke them roughly.
''Brothers of the Wolf, you once were,
Children of the Loon, you now are'',
So the old men spoke in anger
So, they reviled, reproached them,
''Get you gone, you fools and children,
Stop them 'ere they find our treasure,
Bring the white men in great numbers,
Over-run our land forever.''
To the canoes, the young men hurried,
They were armed, and very angry;
Angry at themselves for falling
For the half-breed's wiles and cunning;
Angry at the greed of white men,
Who would steal away their treasure;
Take the treasure of Algonquin.
Far ahead the white man hurried,
He and half-breed paddled onward.
Then at last, the old man pointed,
Where a little hidden brooklet
Chuckled over mossy boulders.
''Land here now, and we go forward,
Through the trees to where the cave is''.
Swift they landed, hurried onward

Through the darkened lanes of forest;
While afar the thunder muttered,
While the guardians of the cave assembled,
Armed and ready, alert for battle.
The Shaman led them to the cliff-side,
Dark it was, and dank and gloomy
There he parted the bushes from it,
Rolled away the boulder, showed them
Where the cave-mouth yawned its welcome.
They lighted up the birch-bark torches,
Stooped and entered, hasty, greedy,
Hearts a-hammer, eyes a-glisten.
Now at last they'd reached the treasure.
Gleaming dully in the torchlight.
They broke off chunks of hanging silver,
Filled the bags, all they could carry;
Hurried, staggered with their burden,
Back the way they'd come to the lakeshore.
Around about, the lightning crackled:
Thunder rolled, and wild winds whistled:
Oh, the cave gods they were angry;
Hurled their spears of lightning at them;
Raged and thundered in their anger.
On the shore they stood and trembled,
Feared to go and feared to linger.
Against the rocks the wild waves thundered,
Reached with greedy fingers for them.
Left behind, the angry cave gods
Piled the boulders against the cliff-side,
Heaped and piled the mighty boulders,
Sealed away the cave forever.
They set forth, in fear and trembling,
Hugged the shoreline, paddled onward,
On their skill, their strength, their courage.
Little did they know, the young men,
Just ahead, were coming swiftly.
Anger drove their paddles deeper,
Shame and fury drove them onward.
Face to face they met, and battled,
There amid the wave and lightning;
They killed the cunning half-breed, Francois,
Left the white man wounded, dying;
The traitor Shaman, dying, drowning,
Sank beneath the waves forever.
As he sank, his arms raised upward,
Asked the gods for their forgiveness;
But doomed, his spirit was, to linger
Around the cliff side, to watch it always.
There his bones may be forever

Beneath the waves on Mississagagon;
Lie there always, with the treasure
Stolen from the cave of silver.
Vengeance wreaked, and anger sated,
The young men journeyed homeward, saddened.
Gone was all their silver treasure,
Doomed were they to scatter, wander.
Far behind them was the white man,
Badly wounded, left for dying;
But his spirit drove him onward
Helped him struggling, gasping, shoreward,
Sent him staggering through the forest
Far beyond the Mississagagon,
Until he came to helping kindred,
They took him in and fed and nursed him.
There he fought a losing battle.
Lying, tossing on his death-bed,
Raved about the cave of silver,
How the silver hung as ice hangs
Along the eaves in dead of winter.
Around him the settlers stood, and listened,
Hoping he would tell them truly,
Where the cave lay in the forest;
But he died 'ere he could tell them,
And the secret, it died with him.
Many since have searched and wondered
Where the cave was, where the treasure.
Perhaps some, they'll find the cliff side,
Dig away the boulders from it;
Find the sacred cave of silver;
Find the treasure men have died for,
In the land of Mississagagon,
Near the home of the Algonquin.

RECIPES, REMEDIES AND RULES OF THE 1800'S

Contributed by Clarence and Ruby Bishop

It is not necessarily recommended that these suggestions from an older day should be tried out by the reader in 1974.

Mutton Soup with Tapioca

Three pounds perfectly lean mutton. The scrag makes good soup and costs little. Two or three pounds of bones, well pounded, one onion, two turnips, two carrots, a few sprigs of parsley, stewed tomatoes, it you have any, four tablespoons of pearl tapioca, four quarts of water.

Put on the meat, cut in small pieces, with the bones, in two quarts of cold water. Heat slowly and when it boils pour in two quarts of hot water from the kettle. Peel and chop the vegetables and cover with cold water. As soon as they begin to simmer, throw off the first water, replenishing with hot and boil until they are boiled to pieces. The meat should cook steadily for five hours, keeping the pot lid on. Strain into a great bowl: let it come (cool) to throw the fat to the surface, skim and return to the fire. Season with pepper and salt, boil, add the vegetables with their liquor, heat together ten minutes, strain again, boil up. Add the tapioca which has been soaked in cold water for an hour, then cook until each grain is clear. It is necessary to stir this soup up often from the bottom while it is cooking. Serve grated cheese with this soup, if you have any.

Beef, Salted or Corned, Red

To keep for years.

Cut up a quarter of beef. For each hundredweight, take half a peck of coarse salt. quarter of a pound of saltpetre, the same weight of saleratus and a quart of molasses. If desired, add mace, cloves and allspice.

Stir some of the salt in the bottom of a pickle tub or barrel, then put in a layer of meat, then more salt and more meat until all is used. Let it remain one night.

Dissolve the saleratus and saltpetre in a little warm water and put it to the molasses; then put over the meat, add water enough to cover the meat; then put a board on top to hold meat under the brine. The meat is fit for use after ten days. Towards spring, take the brine from the meat, make it boiling hot, skim it clear and when it is cool, return it to the meat.

Lean pieces of beef, cut properly from the hind quarter, are the

proper pieces for being smoked. There may also be fine pieces cut from fore quarter.

To smoke, after beef has been in brine ten days or so, wipe it dry and hang it in a chimney where wood is burnt or make a smothered fire of sawdust or chips and keep it smoking for ten days; then rub fine black pepper over every part to keep the flies from it and hang in a dark, cool place. After a week, it is fit for use. A strong, coarse brown paper, folded around the beef and fastened with paste, keeps it nicely.

To Make Lard

Take the leaf fat from the inside of a bacon hog, cut it small and put it in an iron kettle, which must be perfectly free from any musty taste. Set it over a steady, modest fire, until nothing but scraps remain of the meat. The gentle heat must be kept up, but the lard must not be scorched. Spread a coarse cloth in a wire sieve and strain the liquid into basins which will hold two or three quarts. When the lard is cold, press a piece of muslin close upon it, trim it off the edge of the basin and keep in a cool place. It may be kept in wooden kegs with closed covers. Lard made with one-third as much beef suet as pork fat is supposed by many people to keep better.

Drawn Butter

Put half a pint of milk in a perfectly clean saucepan and set it over a moderate fire. Put into a pint bowl a tablespoon of wheat flour, a quarter of a pound of sweet butter and teaspoon of salt. Work these well together with the back of a spoon, then pour into it, stirring all the time, half a pint of boiling water. When it is smooth, stir it into the boiling milk. Let it simmer for five minutes and it is done.

Bread Sauce

One pint of milk, one cup very fine breadcrumbs, one sliced onion, three tablespoons of butter, a pinch of mace, pepper and salt to taste. Simmer the sliced onions in milk until tender; strain the milk and pour over the bread crumbs, which should be put into a sauce pan. Cover and let soak for half an hour; beat smooth. Add the seasoning and butter; stir in well, boil up once and serve.

Corn Bread

Sift three quarts of corn meal, add a tablespoon of salt, one teaspoon of baking powder, and mix sufficient water with it to make a thin batter. Cover it with a bread-cloth and set to rise. When ready to bake, stir it well, pour into a baking pan and bake slowly. Use cold in the summer and hot in the winter.

Johnny Cake

Two-thirds teaspoon soda, three tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one egg, one cup sweet milk, six tablespoons cornmeal, three tablespoons flour and a little salt. This makes a thin batter.

Flannel Cakes

Beat six eggs very light, stir in two pounds of flour, one gill of yeast, small spoonful of salt and sufficient milk to make a thick batter. Make them at night for breakfast. Bake on a hot greased griddle.

Suet Crust

To every pound of flour, allow five or six ounces of suet, one half-pint of water. Free the suet from skin and shreds and chop it very fine. Rub it well into the flour. Work the whole into a smooth paste, roll it out and it is ready for use. The amount of suet may be increased to make a richer crust.

Raspberry Vinegar

To four quarts of red raspberries, add enough vinegar to cover and let them stand twenty-four hours. Scald and strain it. Add one pound of sugar to one pint of juice. Boil it twenty minutes and bottle. It is then ready for use and will keep for years. To one glass of water, add one large spoonful.

Slippery Elm Bark Tea

Break the bark into bits. Pour boiling water over it, cover it and let it infuse, until cold. Sweeten, add lemon juice, if desired.

Wrinkles in the Skin

White wax, one ounce, strained honey, two ounces, juice of lily bulbs, two ounces. Stirred together, this should help remove wrinkles.

Lamp Wicks

To ensure a good light, wicks must be changed often as they soon become clogged and do not permit the free passage of oil. Soaking wicks in vinegar twenty-four hours before placing in lamp insures a clear flame.

A Cement for Stoves

If your stove is cracked, a good cement is made for it this way. Take wood ashes and salt in equal portions, reduce to a paste with cold water and fill in the cracks when the stove is cool. It will soon harden.

Ling

Ingredients: Ling, breadcrumbs, herbs, butter, pepper and salt. Wash the fish and cut it in slices. Butter a shallow dish, dip slices of ling in bread crumbs. Season well and add a little vinegar and water. Cover with a layer of crumbs, put small pieces of butter on top and bake in a slow oven for one hour.

Haggis

One large stomach bag of sheep, sheep's pluck (lights, liver and heart) ½ lb. beef suet, 2 tea-cups oatmeal, pepper and salt.

Wash the bag thoroughly in cold water and then plunge into boiling water and scrape. The bag has been soaked in cold water with a handful of salt overnight. Wash the pluck and boil. Do not remove the windpipe, but let it hang over the edge of the pot. Cover 1½ hours, cool. When cold, cut off the windpipe, and trim away any pieces of skin or gristle. Grate one quarter of the liver, mince the heart and lights with the half-pound of beef suet. Mix these and the grated liver with the dried oatmeal, add half a pint of beef gravy, or the liquid in which the pluck was boiled; add black pepper and salt and stir all together. Take the bag and fill it a little more than half full. Sew up the bag and put it into a pot of boiling water with a plate placed beneath to prevent sticking. Prick the bag occasionally to allow the air to escape. Boil the bag three hours. Serve with gravy as a garnish.

Toad-in-the-Hole

6 ounces of flour, 1 pint of milk, 3 eggs, butter, bits of cold mutton, kidneys, pepper and salt. Make a smooth batter of flour, milk and eggs. Butter a baking dish and pour in the batter. Into this put the small pieces of cold mutton and the kidney chopped in small pieces. Bake about one hour or a little longer.

Gooseberry Fool

Green gooseberries, a pint of gooseberry pulp to a pint of milk or cream. Sugar to taste, clean gooseberries and put in a jar with a little water and sugar. Set this jar in a pan of boiling water and let boil until fruit is soft enough to mash. When done, mash and work pulp through a collander. Stir in the milk or cream and add plenty of sugar to make it sweet enough. Serve in a glass dish.

BY THE WAY

By Fred Scott

You are your brother's keeper by the way,
You are supposed to help him on his way,
Although some will take their ease,
And be very hard to please,
But to be your brother's keeper doesn't pay.

I had a team of horses by the way,
I rented them all winter for the hay,
But the way that they were fed
In spring both of them were dead,
So I ask of you the question, does it pay?

I bought an outboard motor by the way,
I loaned it to a buddy for the day,
But he made a slight mistake,
Now it's drowned in the lake,
Should I repeat the question, does it pay?

I bought a brand new gas light by the way,
A neighbour wished to use it in his sleigh,
Now I'm in the dark at night,
While that fellow has my light,
And I stumble in the darkness by the way.

I had a lovely shot-gun by the way,
A fellow had it hunting for a day,
Now my ammunition is done,
And he didn't oil the gun,
So I oiled and put the blasted thing away.

I had two sets of bagpipes by the way,
A fellow said, "I wish to learn to play'
But he had his plan all fixed,
He got on train 46, and I haven't seen
The ? to this day.

My question is answered,
Yes, it's cheaper,
Not to be --- your brother's keeper.

MAZINAW LAKE

History and Events of Campbell Bay
1894 - 1918
By George Hawley

Campbell's Bay was named after a widow woman, Mrs. Campbell, who had an only son. I only had a faint recollection of them. Their place was near where the Perry boys now have a cottage. What became of them I do not know.

My father was Bert Hawley, and my mother Ella (Roy) Hawley, daughter of James Roy, who passed away in 1914. He too owned land there which now belongs to the Perry boys.

Who my father got his land from I don't know, but in 1894-5, he moved to Campbell Bay and farmed or lived there until 1908-9, when he moved to the land now owned by Andy Armstrong north of Cloyne.

We continued to farm the land in the Bay until 1918, when our family, consisting of four boys and two girls, moved to Borden, Saskatchewan, a prairie town, and rented a farm two sections (1280 acres.)

There were but a few settlers in the Bay up until 1908. Their names were Jack Deline, who had a large family, many of whom are alive to-day, Bill Keck, John Orbossin, Henry Brown. These people had to go and seek a living elsewhere.

Father's farm consisted of 200 acres, with about 25 or 30 under cultivation. We had what we called the back fields, which was about a mile from the Bay and was good clay ground and would produce wonderful crops of wheat, oats, barley, rye and buckwheat.

My father cradled all this grain with a cradle, a type like a scythe and snath with fingers of wood up the snath. The boys job was to roll this swath into sheaves with a hand rake and tie them by hand and stack them.

Father must have been in good physical shape. He could cradle grain day after day with no apparent effect on him.

Around 1912 or 13, some of the land changed hands.

Oscar Meeks purchased my grandfather, James Roy's, land and Bill Head, now deceased, bought the Jack Deline place. Incidently, today these properties all belong to the Perrys.

Come threshing time, our new neighbours and ourselves pooled our available man power. I did our threshing with four horses (antique horse power), of which I was the engineer or skinner.

Once the grain was threshed, it had to be put through a fan mill, which separated the grain from the chaff. Also, in those days we did a lot of threshing with a flail which was a pair of sticks jointed together with a leather thong, one being shorter than the other, perhaps a four-foot connected to a five-foot one, and you just whirled this contraption and pounded straw on a plank floor.

Up until 1913 I know there was only one motor boat on the whole Mazinaw and this belonged to the Denisons at Bon Echo. This resort was running full capacity. They ran this boat daily for passengers and mail service. The iron ladder on the face of the rock was in use then, and many a pail of blueberries were carried down this ladder by our family. In fact, it was a thriving business then. We always had at least a year's supply of flour on hand, which we got made into flour at the Petzold Grist Mill in Denbigh.

In order to get our horses up to Campbell Bay from where we lived in Cloyne, we would go up the old Perry road to the head of the Mazinaw Lake, leave our wagons at George Brown's place and ride our horses back over the mountains to the farm in the bay. This we had to do three times a year; seeding, haying and harvest time. This horse trail is now grown over and impossible to find.

It is on the map as a wagon trail, which it never was. In fall when grass ran out at Cloyne, we would take most of our cattle over this same route and winter them there until the Mazinaw froze and we got our hay hauled home. The job of feeding the cattle fell to two of us boys. How we got the time in, I'll never know.

I often think about this. We must have been missing school. I know that we never thought of cutting a hole in the ice to do some fishing, as people do now-a-days.

My father and mother are long gone. Father is buried at Arborfield, Saskatchewan, and mother at Borden, Saskatchewan. Out of a family of eight, there are only two of us left, a brother Eldon at Kelvington, Saskatchewan, who never married,.

In 1923, I married Hazel Belle Cottrell of Radisson, Saskatchewan. The following year, we went to our homestead, a matter of 300 miles in a covered wagon, which took twelve days.

Audrey, who is now Audrey Perry, was our only child then. Later, we were blessed with four boys and four girls, including a pair of twins.

We came back to Ontario in 1937. I worked for Sawyer-Stoll Lumber Company for 31 years as a bandsaw filer and am now retired living in Tweed at the age of 72, young and enjoying wonderful health.

LUMBERING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

There were logging camps near Simpson Lake and Buck Shanty Lake north and west of Denbigh. The logs and squared timbers from these were skidded and slooped into the tributaries of the Madawaska in the winter months ready to be driven down to the Ottawa in the spring.

J. R. Booth Lumber Company of Ottawa had a camp in the Ashby Lake area known as the Old Booth farm. There, according to our older settlers, his jobbers raised feed for and kept the teams of oxen and horses over the summer awaiting the return of the loggers in the fall.

The logs and timbers from these cuts went down Bear Lake and Bear Creek to MacAvoy Lake and the Mississippi River. On the tributary creeks timbered slides were built to get logs past falls or rapids. The remains of the ones on Bear Creek and Mallory Creek can still be seen.

It has been told that bear Creek got its name from an unfortunate bruin getting caught in the slide and going down with the logs and water. I hope it got through safely. I never heard that it did. The slides on Mallory Creek were built to by-pass the falls now known as Mountain Chutes. One was ninety-nine feet and one ninety feet long.

The Gilmour Lumbering concern had the cutting rights in 1862 to 300 square miles in Palmerston, Oso, Clarenton, Olden, (Plevna, Ardoch, Ompah) Barrie and Anglesea Townships.

Caldwell were cutting between Buckshot Lake and Louse Creek from 1878 on.

The Rathbun Lumber Company of Deseronto had large holdings in the area too, with a depot in Denbigh. In 1866 they sold three lots in Barrie Township around the foot of the Mazinaw now known as Snider Depot to Charles Snider. He in turn sold fifty acres to Peter McLaren or The Canada Lumber Company and a large depot was built there.

There were three large log barns. One able to house one hundred horses. A large store seventy-five feet long, was kept to dispense supplies to the various jobbers and lumber camps around. Pete Muckawan was a jobber in the area. He took a cut-out back of Campbell's Bay and the flats there are known as Muckawan Flats. Bry Meeks cut logs one winter north and east of the Rock and a small lake there is called Bry's Lake yet.

Mrs. Theresa Levere told of going to visit the camps there as a young child and described the cooking facilities as follows:

"The cook bake his bread and beans in covered kettles in a large trench outside the cook house. First a fire was built in the trench, then when it was down to coals, these were raked back and the kettles of bread and beans were put in and covered with ashes and coals. She said the bread and beans were delicious. Large iron kettles were suspended on tripods over fires and here the potatoes were boiled. The men lined up with their tin basins and ate their fill."

The early logging camps had a square box of timbers built in the centre of cook camp. These were filled with sand. The cook fires were

built on these and smoke allowed to filter out through a hole in the roof. These were called "cambooses".

The Canada Lumber Company had a steam boat on the Mazinaw. When it wasn't hauling booms of logs down the lake, it would take people on excursions up the lake. It was capable of carrying one hundred people. Billans Snider, who built the house where Herb Patterson lived, fired the boilers for it. It was docked along the shore near where Jack Head now lives. At that time, the dam was below where the bridge now is.

One can imagine getting all dolled up in best bib and tucker maybe with your best beau, or a family group, and taking the steamer trip on a nice summer's day. You'd go puffing along up the lake. Maybe you'd stop long enough for refreshments at the old Spencer Hotel.

The old dam went out at the foot of the Lake in or about 1906. The steamer broke loose and went down and broke up in Marble Rapids.

The larger lumber companies let their limits out to smaller jobbers but charged them for the use of the slides and dams. The Sawlogs Driving Act of 1887 ordered that streams had to be left open for all companies, but any with slides or dams on the creeks and river could charge a toll.

As I mentioned before, there was great rivalry in getting logs down first to take advantage of the highest water and get best prices at the end of the drive.

One of the famous feuds of the early days was between the Caldwells and McLarens. McLaren had leased a cut to Caldwell around Mud and Mallory Lakes and they were all set to bring a drive down via Mallory Creek. They imported the famous Larry Frost from the Ottawa Valley to take the drive through. One gang burnt the dam at Mud Lake. (It was laid to McLarens, but couldn't be proved.) Then, while the others had rushed to put that out, they burnt the long slide below Mallory Lake.

Milton Spencer, who was born and raised at the head of the Lake, reported seeing armed men patrolling the old bridge day and night, to keep a rival gang from cutting the booms and letting the logs go before the boat could take them down the lake.

It is reported one old-time local lumberman got his start by getting cheated out of a winter's cut. He is rumoured to have said he'd shoot the other lumberman on sight. The other must have thought he meant it, as he got together with him and ended up with three winter's cut of the finest pine at the head of Loon Lake.

There was a depot, as they were called, on the old clearing at Mallory Lake, one too at the forks of Louse Creek. These were places where the oxen and horses were kept over the summer until they were needed again in the fall.

There was a large log shanty at Louse Creek and it was well inhabited by those pests. This gave the name to the creek. It disappeared when a dam broke and undermined the bank. The

loggers just got out with their lives as it toppled into the creek, but they no doubt were glad to see all their little friends go downstream.

Many of the men on these drives lost their lives in different accidents. The most common was, ''Breaking the Log Jam''. The great logs or timbers would catch on some obstruction and the others would pile up. The log drivers would then have to go in and release the key log and get back to shore before the rush of logs caught them. They didn't always make it as the old graveyards along the waterways attest.

There is one such at Snake Rapids on the Madawaska near Slate Falls. William Warlick of Denbigh reports seeing wooden head markers there with names carved on them. After sixty or seventy years they are no doubt rotted away. Another was on the point below the bridge at Browns at the head of the Mazinaw Lake. The waters have eroded most of the point and the graves away. One skull was found with a gold tooth, much to the awe of the local settlers of sixty years ago. Another known one is on the gravel ridge, just across the bridge below the hydro dam at the foot of Mazinaw Lake.

The Gilmour Lumber Company had a tramway built to take the logs from Mazinaw Lake up over to Pringle Lake, then on down the Skootamatta River and out to Trenton. It started at what is known as the Weese place north of Mazinaw boy's Camp. Remains of the old track can still be found, but it was out of use in early 1900's. They used to bring the logs in and square them on the shore there before sending them on up over the hill. A fire got started in the chips and

bark from a smudge set put to keep the flies away. It is said it even burnt the soil right down to the rocks.

Andy Armstrong told me of the first drive he was on when he was fourteen years old along about 1908.

Two or three years previously, the Allen Lumber Company had got Al Lane of Denbigh to take a cut of logs out at the Mud Lakes north of Browns at the head of the Lake. Due to some unknown circumstances, they didn't get the logs out and Challoner and Jones (an American concern) had hired Ed. Vilneff on Eagle Hill to take them out. This was quite a difficult task, as the slides below Mallory Lake were all burnt.

He said they started out just as the ice was going out of the creek between Mud Lake and Mallory Lake. They drove them down the creek, boomed them up, and brought them down Mallory Lake. They skidded them up on shore, then drew them down to the Mazinaw at the mouth of Mallory Creek the next winter. They had a large inboard motor to shove the booms along. When they came to the narrows at Bon Echo, they unfastened the boom logs, sent them through, chained them up again, then sent the logs through. This was done at each lake on down the chain until they reached Ardoch.

He said they built a large crib of squared timbers to carry the cook shack and equipment. This was fastened to the boom and at night it would be snubbed to shore in a sheltered spot. He said the food was good and they ate about four times a day, when possible. They often had to work until eleven or twelve at night, for once they got the logs going good they had to keep them going.

Some of the men were working with a wagon on the crib going down the Mazinaw. It got away on them and rolled off the crib and I suppose the remains are still somewhere around the mouth of Campbell's Bay.

HE DROVE THE MISSISSIPPI

There is a hesitation in the wind
The fierce west wind has seen.
There is a space occupied.
The pines have stiffened briefly, listening
A step has gone, a voice has not replied
Waiting too long the drive that does nor sweep
The rapids fling their bannerets of spray
The sands, holding the empty foot-prints thoughtfully
Drift in, and smooth away.

N.B.

The Hotel

EARLY DAYS AT BON ECHO

Merrill Denison

I first saw Bon Echo in the summer of 1901 soon after I had reached my eighth birthday. I remember many of the details as vividly as if they had happened yesterday, even more vividly perhaps. There was the drive over the bald mountains -- and they were surely bald at that time, almost as bald as the glaciers left them except for the bleached stubs of ancient pines that rimmed the horizon like a giant's picket fence.

Then came the drive through the old villages of Northbrook and Cloyne to Snider's Depot at the foot of Lake Mazinaw with its huge empty log warehouses left to rot by The Canada Lumber Company, as was the hulk of an old tow boat that had been used in the heyday of lumbering to tow great rafts of logs from the head of the lake.

I remember, too, the thrill of the journey in the old Wanderer up the lower lake to the narrows and the impression made on me by the first

sight of the Big Rock, bathed in golden sunlight toward the end of a glowering July day.

I had heard from my mother about the Rock and the legend of a lost teasure cave of silver many times before, but always as the ''Mishinog'', the name by which it was called by the French-Canadian shantymen who drove logs down the Skootamatta and the Moira for the Gilmours, the Rathbuns and Billa Flint every spring.

My mother knew the Skootamatta well and grew up with its legends for she was born in the midst of a February blizzard in 1867 in a lumber shanty about two miles north of Bridgewater. At the time, my grandfather, George Merrill, and the formidable Billa Flint were engaged in a preposterous mining venture known as the North Hastings Bronze Mine, and when the money gave out (grandfather's money, that is), some members of the Merrill family found themselves stranded in Elzevir Township until they were able to strike out on their own. My mother went to school in Bridgewater and taught in the French settlement between Bridgewater and Flinton, when she was nineteen.

I'm giving this background to explain why I have a different approach to most people to the history of Bon Echo. Other historians have, without exception, concluded that the region remained unsettled, if not wholly unknown until the building of the Addington or Perry road in the late 1850's. My mother's recollections, coupled with known facts about Billa Flint's amazing career, satisfy me that it was known, if not settled as early as the 1840's.

To return to Bon Echo itself: as I have already noted, my father, mother and I first saw the glorious panorama at sunset on a sultry afternoon in July, 1901 when we rode through the narrows and were welcomed at the immense (or so it seemed to me) north dock by Dr. Price himself. Father had reserved the royal suite: the tower room commanding a magnificent view of the Rock and the entire lake.

The doctor didn't acquire a very high opinion of me during that first visit. To begin with, he discovered me in the act of peeling a birch tree the morning after our arrival and on the Sunday following came upon me playing solitaire in the loft of the boathouse when religious services were being conducted in the living room of the Inn. For my part, I thought him unnecessarily preoccupied, a wiry, sandy-haired person who always seemed to be trotting somewhere with a wrench or a hammer in his hand. There always seemed to be something that needed fixing, particularly the little fleet of launches powered by primitive engines made by the famous firm of Palmer Bros. in Cos Cob, Connecticut.

Recalling the story of the Inn as I heard it first, the Prices were on a canoe trip honeymoon when they camped on the point opposite the Rock and were enraptured by its rugged grandeur. Whatever inspired

them to decide then and there to build a resort to which would come religiously-minded nature lovers like themselves, I never knew, but the doctor began negotiations to buy the lakeshore lots facing the Rock. Returning to Cleveland to continue his practice of dentistry, he next employed an architect to design a hotel similar to those to be found in the Adirondacks and along the coast of Maine.

The result was a quite imposing, conventional frame structure providing for fifty sleeping rooms on the second and third floors, with lounges on the first and second floors and the dining-room, kitchen, storerooms, and an apartment for the doctor and his wife on the first. What was most amazing about the design of the main structure was the arrangement of the sleeping rooms. These were to be located in two separate wings attached to the main structure and having a court fifty feet wide between. This was to be covered by a sliding roof of glass and metal which could be moved back and forth as the weather dictated. Fortunately, the south wing was never constructed so that the Inn, as built, contained about twenty-eight bedrooms on the two upper floors.

As I recall, the story told me by the outdoor workmen, the Inn was built during the season of 1899, a feat which never could have been accomplished without the indominitable persistence of Dr. Price and his sublime indifference to the almost incredible difficulties that beset him at every turn.

Consider the general conditions that prevailed around the Mazinaw just before the turn of the century. For upwards of forty years the headwaters of the Mississippi had been lumbered by a succession of great companies, the Gilmours, the Rathbuns, the Gillies, Peter McLaren, Boyd Caldwell. Sometime in the 1880's, however, lumbering had reached its peak and the big operators pulled out, leaving to smaller firms the task of cutting what remained. A decade later their work was finished and they, too, left for other parts, leaving in their wake a despoiled and sadly stricken land. Where there had been mature pine, that had been growing for 300 or 400 years, there remained a seemingly limitless acreage of litter and debris through which fires swept year after year, burning the thin soil cover and exposing to the wind and the glaciated rock beneath. The farms that once had supplied the lumber camps with food and fodder fell into decay as their owners left for the Canadian Prairies or remained to do the best they could.

Consider, too, the actual location of Bon Echo itself - twenty miles from the nearest railroad and forty miles from the nearest market town in which meat, vegetables and building materials could be obtained. However, mileage alone does not fully tell the story because of the condition of the Addington road between Kaladar station and the site chosen by the Prices to build Bon Echo Inn. Such roads were maintained for only a few years by the government, after which they were left to the settlers who had taken up lots along the road.

The difficulties of transportation alone would have convinced ninety-nine people out of a hundred of the gigantic folly of trying to establish a summer resort in such a remote and virtually unknown location. But Weston Price and his bride had fallen in love with the lovely Lake Mazinaw and the granite rampart that loomed above it and were determined that others should share its beauty with them.

Looking back, it seems to me that the dauntless doctor had only two things working for him: an abundance of felled timbers left from the lumbering days and a plentiful supply of local help. Former lumberjacks who could work miracles with an axe, blacksmiths who could turn iron bars into needed hardware, carpenters and joiners who had built houses along the Perry Road. All these were available and would work for as little as one dollar a day.

Although Price suffered no lack of raw materials or willing hands to help, he had to solve a variety of other problems before he could begin to build. One of those problems was the condition of the site itself. Many fires had swept the Mazinaw area, the last big one, so far as it had been determined, occurring in the 1880's, a little more than fifteen years before the honeymoon couple pitched their tent down by the Narrows. In the interval second growth, birch and poplar had grown up, but the ground beneath was a tangled mass of charred stumps and deadfall timber.

All this had to be disposed of before construction could begin, but there existed an even more pressing problem - that caused by the raising of the level of Lake Mazinaw to facilitate lumbering operations. This had occurred toward the end of the 1860's when a dam was built at the outlet of the lake, causing serious erosion in places and nowhere so great as at Bon Echo. There the damage was so bad that some means of arresting it had to be devised if the beauty of the shore were not to be destoyed entirely.

The Doctor's solution to the problem was simple and ingenious. He collected hundreds of logs that had drifted along the shoreline, had them towed to where they were needed, sawed to the proper length and rolled under the eroded bank to form a retaining wall. Remnants of this primitive bulkhead could be seen twenty-five years later.

I have always found it impossible to piece together the succession of events between 1899 when the Inn was reputedly begun and 1901 when I came to know it as a fully developed summer resort.

At that time, a main building had been constructed and along with it, five cottages, a separate staff house, several tent platforms together with several service buildings. There was a boathouse in which a fleet of twenty-five rowboats, canoes and launches spent the winter, a laundry, an icehouse, a combined water-tower and workshop with quarters for the staff on the upper floors. In addition to all this, Dr. Price had found time to build a rustic bridge across the narrows

and an iron stairway to the top of the Rock, string a telephone line from the Inn to Kaladar station and construct two large docks, flanked by covered pavilions on the lower and upper lakes.

How did Price manage to do all this in two seasons and at the same time manage to conduct a successful dental practice in Cleveland?

So far as I have been able to discover, one of the very first steps was to locate a portable sawmill and move it to bon echo; the second to build a house where workmen could live; and the third, the erection of a stucco cottage where the Prices could live while the work went on.

The Inn itself, the cottages and service buildings were constructed mainly of undressed pine lumber sawn at the portable mill from the great quantity of logs and culled timber left on the property by the lumbermen. The main building was finished in dressed clapboard which had to be brought in. The same applied to every article of manufacture needed, stoves, kitchen equipment, plumbing fixtures, glass and china. There was even a piano which fell off a lumber wagon on the Bald Mountains and spent a night in the ditch.

A far more serious calamity happened when a high wind swept down the lake and flattened the frame of the main building, which did not have cross bracing.

Most men, faced with such a monstrous calamity would have thrown up their hands, but the Doctor simply viewed the tangled wreckage and told the workmen to salvage what they could and begin the job of rebuilding. By some miracle, no one was injured.

The Prices operated Bon Echo until 1910, when they sold it to my mother shortly after the death of Donald, their only child. They visited the place again in the 1920's.

THE MINERAL

By Nadine Brumell

Most of the people who came here to farm in the middle of the last century thought little about the rock beyond the fact that there was too much of it. The eyes of the lumbermen were on the giant pines. Geologists of the infant Geological Survey were, however, already working.

Sir William Logan, first head of the Geological Survey had reported on parts of this area by the early 1840's. Alexander Murray had also done a great deal of work on the Precambrian rocks. From this time date the famous Reports of Progress which continued into the twentieth century.

In 1891, the Ontario Bureau of Mines was established and provincial geologists began their mapping. By this time many mineral deposits had been discovered and much more was being learned about the age and diversity of the rocks in Eastern Ontario.

Iron had been located and worked at Marmora, Madoc and counties to the east of Lennox and Addington by 1820. Copper ores had been noted in several places. In 1866, they knew there was gold. By the beginning of the new century, the "gold belt" from Marmora, through our area, to South Sherbrooke township was being tested.

In 1870-71, there were great fires in South Sherbrooke, Bathurst, Dalhousie and Lavant. Work which had been planned by the Geological Survey for these townships could not be done. The geologists moved west into Clarendon and Barrie. H. G. Vennor of the Geological Survery, who, in 1866, had identified the first gold at Eldorado north of Madoc, in Hastings, reported on some mining possibilities in both townships. In the Report of Progress, he mentions Alex Cowan who was working on a marble quarry south of Marble Lake on property owned by the Cole family.

By 1880, it was known that there were deposits of galena and that the galena carried silver. Sphalerite, the chief ore of zinc had been identified and ores of copper. Gold was discovered north-east of Flinton at what became the Golden Fleece mine. In this book, four gold properties have been described separately, the Ore Chimney, the Star of the East, the O'Donnell claims and the Golden Fleece. There were many hopeful others.

In the crumpled rocks between Mississagagon and Kashwakamak, native gold and silver-bearing galena were reported by the Geological Survey in 1892 to 1900. Lot 26, concession IX in Clarendon showed silver-bearing minerals; lot 28, concession VIII silver-bearing ores were identified. The properties were being worked by J. Muldoon and W. J. Morriss. It is said that when Mr. Muldoon became involved in

ownership problems, he decided to make things difficult for anyone else and covered his workings with big logs. The logs are still there. Robert Ells examined some of these properties for the Survey.

Toward the end of the century, the Ontario Bureau of Mines was taking a close look at this area. Their geologists noted that Allison and Platt of Adolphustown were interested in iron ore in Frontenac. The mica in Effingham township was noted. Jonathan Lacy and Isaiah Smith were becoming the first mica and phosphate kings, later to be followed by General Electric and Sydney Orser.

Smith and Lacy had their office in Sydenham and most of their interests were down that way. However, they were also developing mica properties in Effingham township. There is an interesting note in their records. "We have discovered a vein of quartz, thirty feet wide bearing free gold, but no development work has been done." Unfortunately they do not give any helpful directions.

In 1901, the Bureau of Mines mentions the Helena mine in Barrie. At that time it was owned by Michael Seitz of New York and A. M. Chisholm of Cloyne. They sank three shafts looking for gold and copper not far from the old fire-tower on No. 506. The report states that they had steam-hoist engines at each shaft and were using a 20 drill Rand air-compressor, taking their power from a 16 foot drop on the Mississippi at Georgia Lake.

In 1906, the Boerth gold mine near Fernleigh was also inspected by the Bureau as well as the near-by Webber. Justin F. Smith of Detroit is mentioned as one of those interested in the Boerth.

The Big Dipper, about two miles east of the Star on the north shore of Mississagagon was begun in 1905. Their head office was in Peterborough. John Fletcher was president; J. Jamieson was general manager. Robert Wilson was the foreman. On this property, there is an adit into the side of a hill of dolomitic marble over 200 feet long, with a rise to the top of the hill at the end of the tunnel. There are also two shafts. No ore body worth mining was found. There is some magnetite.

In 1906, W. L. Goodwin of the Ontario Bureau of Mines was one of the geologists sent out to give talks at the Summer Mining Classes set up by the Bureau. He describes his trip to the Star of the East. "We took the Bay of Quinte Railway from Sydenham to Tweed. There we changed to the C.P.R. and arrived at Kaladar station at 1:15 p.m. Deline's stage took us northward through Cloyne to the Star of the East Mine. The miles are very long in that country. The Laurentian hills are steep and rugged."

In the very early days of gold-mining the arsenic content of many of the gold ores made the extraction of gold economically impossible.

Arsenic pyrite was present in so many of the prospect pits, often in massive quantities, that it was useless to try to do anything with them. Then the cyanide process was developed. After this process was in use, a mine like Canadian Goldfields at Deloro produced both gold and arsenic.

My husband's uncle H. P. H. Brumell who was with the Geological Survey in the latter part of the last century and who worked on the Reports of Progress in eastern Ontario told me that, before the cyanide process, if even a very small amount of arsenopyrite, (or mispickel as it was called) was found, a gold mining prospect would not pass inspection as being of economic significance.

My father, George Paterson, who was involved in mining around Eastern Ontario before, he, like so many others, left for Cobalt and the Porcupine, used to describe some of the equipment and working conditions at the old mines. Where a company with adequate financing and experienced business and technical management was operating the mine, living accommodation, food and working conditions were often reasonably acceptable for the times. Far too often, individuals or groups of individuals tried to open up an ore deposit by substituting hard work and rainbow hopes for money, tools, machinery and know-how.

Most of the pits were not very deep and the trenches were everywhere as miners tried to cross-cut the possibly ore-bearing veins. The shafts were timbered and equipped with wooden ladders. Such a shaft can be seen today on the north side of No. 506, west of the old schoolhouse. It is fallen in, but the top of an old ladder can be seen and the rotted collapsed timbers. It is difficult to realize that men once dared to go down in such holes.

Water was a constant danger in the mines. At one lead mine near a swamp a bell was installed underground and a miner was put in charge of ringing it when the mine began to flood. The miners rushed for the wooden ladders when they heard the bell, abandoning everything until a clanking old pump caught up with the water.

Dynamite had been around for quite a while but when it wasn't handy they didn't hesitate to use black powder. The settlers had used it to get rid of stumps, the road-builders had used it to clear their way. It would move rock. Carbide head-lamps were used quite early. They smelled terrible and they didn't give much light but they were better than rush-lights and tallow candles.

The power available was steam and compressed air when there was money for such installations. The tools were often hand-drills and sledges. The veins they followed were blasted and the ore raised with crude hoists run by a donkey engine or a horse. Ventilation underground was a sometime luxury. It was often a large pipe

reaching to the surface. There might also be a second connected shaft or an open stope. The drifts they drove were low and cramped. Occasionally they were shored up to help prevent rock falls.

In due time governments took a casual look at safety and mining rights and regulations began to come into force. By that time the discouraging prospects for gold-mining in this district were known. The mines were closing down.

The sometimes spectacular surface showings of gold and other minerals did not, apparently, continue in depth. The veins were lost or the ore became too low grade to process. Sometimes they ran out of money and could show no results which would encourage more capital to gamble on the future.

HAVE YOU?

Have you seen the mighty giants
Lying on the forest floor
Lying where the axe men left them
In the logging days of yore
Vine entwined and fern encrusted
No more they'll rear their lofty heads
To watch the wild geese passing
There they lie, unused and dead.
Have you seen a yellow flicker
Or heard a mare's low whicker
To her foal, awakening to the dawn
Heard a waterfall's wild roaring
Or watched an eagle soaring
High above the cliffs across the pond.
Have you walked knee deep in clover
Heard the whistle of a plover
As you went to pick wild berries in a pail
Felt the sun upon your shoulder
As you perched upon a boulder
Or curled your toes around a cedar rail.
Have you saw a deer go flashing by
Heard a loon's wild haunting cry
Or heard a partridge drumming on a log.
Have you smelled the springs first flowers
Or caught in sudden showers
Or heard the frog's first peeping
From the bog.
I have heard, and seen, and wondered
If the land that we have plundered
Will be always there for others
As it has been for me
In days gone by.

MY MEMORIES OF GRANDPA WICKWARE

By Ora Wickware

Grandpa chose my name "ORA", after a niece Ora Wickware in Cass City, Michigan.

Grandfather and his third wife Margaret Ann Reid Wickware, were still living in the Wickware Hotel in Cloyne, when I was born on May 20th, 1899. When they came to see the baby, Grandfather placed in my hand a U.S.A. Silver Dollar. My parents were careful to keep this for me, and I still have it in my possession.

When his wife died early in 1900, Grandfather turned the Hotel over to George and Esse Deline, and came to live with my parents. I remember what a wonderful knee he had to curl up on. I was full of questions, and Mother would say "Ora, don't bother your grandfather." His reply always was "if she doesn't ask how will she ever get the answer."

I can remember him singing "The Letter Edged in Black." It was so sad, but I'd always say "Sing it again Grandpa." It always was so spooky and I'd feel so frightened when he would repeat "Hark, Hark the dogs do bark, the tinkers are coming to town, etc."

In 1903, Dad purchased the general store from John Graham, and we all moved up there. Mother and Dad were busy so I was able to trail along with Grandad. He kept me with him when he cleared the property across from the store where Uncle Bert Wickware built a house. One time when they were cutting ice on Benny's Lake, I was with him and I stepped on ice which had been cut. Yes, I did get wet and Grandad rushed me to the house and put dry clothes on me. Mother noticed I had on a different dress and asked why so. Grandad said, "We had a little accident."

At Christmas, he too could see the tracks of Santa's sleigh and reindeers on the roof, and when I would waken when it was still dark on Christmas morning, I would take the things which Santa left for me into his room and we would try and guess what I had received.

On August 11th, 1905, Grandpa went to his rest. He seemed always so very close to me. What a privilege and joy it was for me to know and love such a wonderful grandpa.

THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH

By Aileen Ball

Free Methodism was introduced to Lennox & Addington during the winter of 1892-93 by a lumberjack named Charles Babcock. While working for a lumber company in the area, Mr. Babcock began holding some Sunday services in the Eagle Hill School House (Ferguson's Corners). Soon he was invited to hold services in the Glenfield school. In the summer of 1893, two lay ministers, William H. Gregory and J. W. Commodore, were assigned to Vennachar and that year a Free Methodist Church was built on land donated by John Ball, about one and a half miles north-east of Vennachar. (Mr. Commodore was a coloured man.) For a number of years the Vennachar Church was served by the pastor living at Fernleigh, twenty-five miles away. It was not until 1933 that the Vennachar Church had its own parsonage. In the early 1900's several families moved from the Vennachar community to Western Canada; this had quite an effect on the church. Attendance dropped and interest waned until the church was left without a pastor from 1921 to 1924. However, about 1924, a stirring revival came to the community and the church took on a new life. Four young men and two young women--as pastor's wives--went out from the Vennachar Church into full time ministerial service in the Free Methodist denomination. Mrs. Charles Ball, of Vennachar, has been a member of the church for sixty-three years. Herbert Chatson, of Denbigh, has been a member for about 48 years.

The interior of the Vennachar Church was completely remodelled and a new Sunday School wing added, in 1973.

Around the years 1924-29, Free Methodist services were held in schools, halls and tents in the Cloyne, Northbrook, and Flinton areas, resulting in the building of a small frame church in Northbrook in 1929. This church never made much progress and was later closed and sold to Alf Northey for a funeral chapel. Pastors serving about this time were Rev. and Mrs. Percy Miller and Rev. N. A. Bosco.

In 1965, Free Methodist services were again begun in Cloyne, in the community hall, resulting in the building of a beautiful new church in 1972 in the north end of the town.

For several years, Cloyne services were in charge of the pastor living at Vennachar. In 1973, Cloyne was cut loose and had its own pastor, Donald Hodgins, of Tweed.

THE LIFE AND TIME OF CHARLIE ANTOINE

From Information Supplied by
Lorne C. Ball and Colin Pettifer

There are still some people around here who remember Charlie Antoine leaning lazily against the door of his shanty in the bush near Thirty Island Lake. Usually his son, Charlie Jr., lounged somewhere near him. They looked much the same at first sight, gaunt, slightly stooped men of medium height, with brown, weathered skin and lank black hair, dressed in faded shirts, pants baggy at the knees and any kind of foot-wear which came handy. They knew where the deer were to be found and where the biggest lake trout could be caught. Their dark eyes missed nothing in the country in which they had made their home.

Once there had been a Mrs. Antoine (Martha) and a younger son, all of whom died in the early years of the Antoine's residence in the area. Charlie also had a brother, Pete, who lived over near Hardwood Lake.

Thirty Island Lake is now known as Ashby Lake and the country has changed as the tourists moved in and the population grew, but the stories told about Charlie Antoine live on.

The Antoines were the last Indian people to live in the vicinity of Denbigh and Vennachar. Wherever home may have been originally, they spoke French as a first language and they had also learned English. Neighbours who knew them thought they were Iroquois. How they came to settle here remains a mystery.

In the days of Charlie Antoine, the bush around Thirty Island Lake was his private game preserve and he is said to have stoutly defended his right to discourage strangers from invading it. The gods of his ancestors must have been keeping an eye on things, for it is said, peculiar things happened to canoes left at portages by casual fishermen and those who offended in other ways might find retribution arriving in unexplainable fashion. Those who measured up as Charlie Antoine's friends found him to be a kindly and hospitable man who took them on fishing trips to his favourite "Fish Rock" in Thirty Island Lake and who offered them the shelter of his cabin overnight if the weather turned stormy.

One wall of the cabin was hung with snow-shoes. The Antoines also made axe handles to sell and moccasins of deer-hide, expertly tanned. There were four or five apple trees around the cabin and a small shed used for storing wood.

Deer were plentiful in the bush in those days and the pink-fleshed trout could be readily caught in most of the lakes. The Antoines often traded fish for needed supplies, either with neighbours or at the general stores in Denbigh and Vennachar. Colin Pettifer remembers

young Charlie coming into the Pettifer kitchen with some fish. He laid them on the table, said one word, "Pork" and patiently waited for results. He was very willing to work and often split big blocks of maple into stove wood for hours to earn what was needed.

As Charlie Sr.'s health began to fail, young Charlie did most of the hunting, trapping, fishing and trading for supplies. All of their supplies had to be packed in to their cabin and it was not easy, especially in the winter time. It was on one of these trips that Charlie Jr. died. His health had been getting worse for some time. In spite of this he picked up a one hundred pound sack of flour at the foot of Eagle Hill and started home with it on a large hand-sleigh drawn by a tump-line and shoulder harness. Next day, his frozen body was found about half-way to the cabin. For years, a simple wooden cross marked the spot where he died. He was about forty years old. He was buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Griffith in 1909. People remember how he came and went, silently, like a shadow. They remember how fast he could once run, having been known to run a deer into the lake. They remember his narrow trails in the snow, the way he placed his feet carefully in the tracks of previous trips.

A major highlight in the life of Charlie Antoine Sr. was a trip by train to British Columbia. No one seems to know why he went or how it was managed financially. When he returned it was clear that he had been fascinated by the great Rocky Mountains and the rail lines snaking their way up through the passes. He brought home with him an Edison "His Master's Voice" gramophone. He also had three cylinder records.

This was the first machine of its kind in the Denbigh area and Charlie was generous in sharing it with his friends and neighbours. The "Talking Machine" was escorted around and visited the school several times. His delight in showing it off continued long after the three records had been played so often that some listeners were becoming a little tired of it all.

There is a story that Charlie Antoine was once pursuaded that he could order a house-keeper from a catalogue. He was at some pains to pick out a suitable looking model and received considerable local help in getting the order mailed. When he received his parcel in the mail, he is said to have taken it very philosophically, "They only sent her dress" said Charlie Antoine.

Dick, the pet deer, struck up a lasting friendship with Charlie Antoine. Dick roamed free with a bell on his neck and they were often seen together. One summer day to be remembered, they came together to the Denbigh Picnic in Fritch's grove and made things lively for the entire afternoon.

Charlie Antoine lived on alone in the cabin until he was too ill to take care of himself any longer. He lived his last days in the House of Providence, in Kingston, and was buried there.

The Cheese Factory

REMEMBER THE DAYS

By Ada Levere

The characters that filled each week of my life as a child made a lasting impression. These are the things we never forgot.

My dad and mother lived on a small farm in what is now called the east road to Harlowe. We had about 14 head of cattle, around 40 sheep and quite a few chickens.

There was a little cheese factory right in sight of our house where the milk was delivered and made into big patts of cheese. These loads were taken to Kaladar station.

I remember getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning to go with my dad and then when we got unloaded we started home and stopped along the mountains. My dad would make a fire, boil some water in a pail for tea and we had our lunch which consisted of new cheese, my mother's home-made bread and good old home-made butter and buttermilk right from the churn.

There were many interesting things to do. Hay had to be cut to feed the animals and everyone helped including my brother, Mert, and Mary. Mary's mother passed on in that terrible influenza--1918--and Mary come to live with my mother and family.

We all used to help rake behind the loads of hay so we could go to the picnic that was held in the Cloyne Pine Grove where a delicious dinner and supper were served by the ladies.

Mrs. William Head, Mrs. Dave Spicer, Mrs George Bishop, Mrs. Annie Cuddy, Mrs. Gertie Wise, Mrs. Ethel Deline, Mrs. Hester Bishop, Mrs. Oris Cole, Mrs. Levi Snider, Mrs. Ed Cummings, Mrs. Jane Cummings, Mrs. TAn Meeks, Mrs. Kate Meeks and Mrs. Lavinia Snider were all on the preparations committee.

There were races for the children, fish-ponds and all kinds of entertainment.

It seems a pity the pine-grove is no longer used for these things. They are missed.

My dad and mother used to shear our sheep as soon as warm weather started. Mother washed the wool and let it dry and then put it in bags until fall. Mary, Mert and I helped to pick the wool. My mother carded the wool, spun it into yarn with her spinning wheel and knitted socks for us. We never knew what it was to buy store socks. All winter we wore socks knitted from this wool and rubbers.

We had no radio, T.V. or victrola, so all our enjoyments were now converted into a home.

Every Christmas and on other occasions we had concerts and at Christmas a beautiful real evergreen Christmas tree. We always had around 30 children at the school and a very nice girl as our teacher, Miss Lora Keagan, for over seven years.

We had no radio, T.V. or victrola, so all our enjoyments were sleigh-rides and skating, and surprise parties! My dad used to hook up the horses on the long bob-sleighs and pick up anyone who wanted to go to the party. We put hay on the sleigh and quilts for everyone to keep warm.

One night I remember we had 22 people. The surprise party was at the Cole Cummings house now owned by Jim Meeks Sr. The Perry brothers supplied the music, particularly Byron Perry. Cake and other good things to eat were taken along by the women.

In my recollection, Mr. Neil Benny was the first cheesemaker, then Mr. Rob Jackson. There was a little grocery store in one part of the factory.

There was a beautiful spring at the foot of a steep hill. It was the clearest most delicious water I have tasted. Back on the steep hill near the spring were two Indian pot-holes. Our well at the farm used to go dry every year until the fall rains came. We used to carry water from the spring.

We had the Orange Hall on our property in later years and there was a dance nearly every Friday night. The Perry brothers, Don and Byron, often supplied the music.

There was a large creek ran through the marsh on our property. Near the creek bank there were beautiful wild flowers. My mother called them Meadow Queen. They were a lovely red shade.

There were also large clumps of bushes almost as tall as trees. These were high-bush cranberries and the berries hung in thick red clusters in the fall.

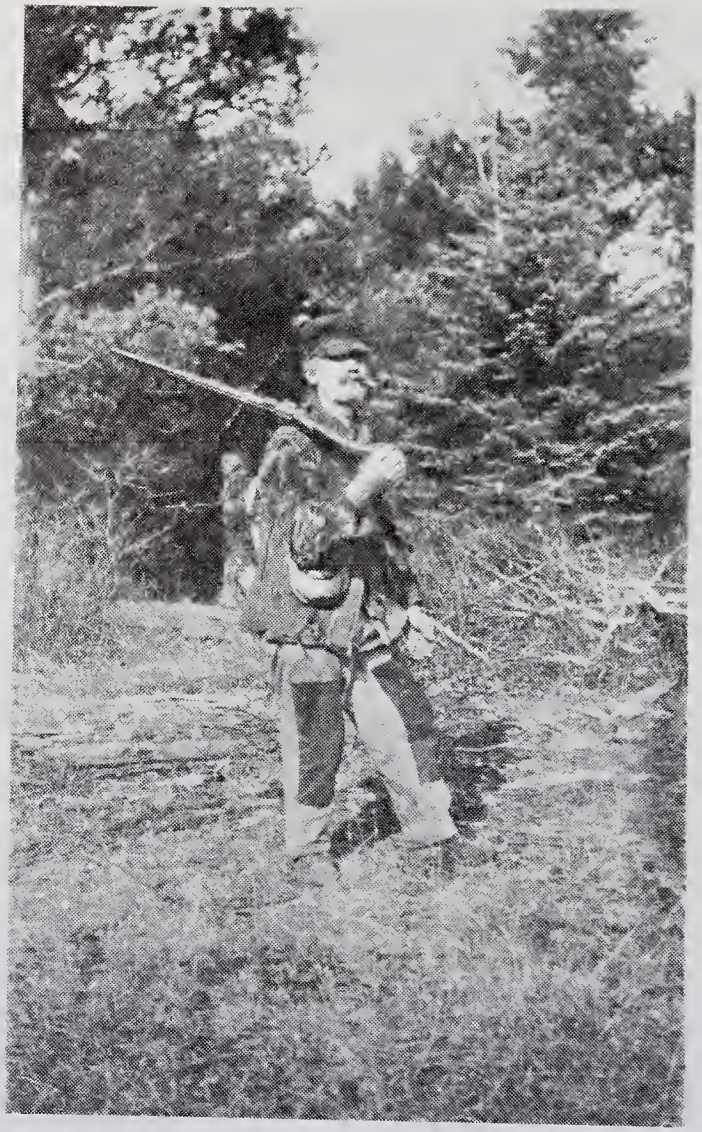
We had a large garden and around the garden were artichokes. My dad used to love them. We always tapped trees every year, about 300 at the most, so we had plenty of maple syrup. There were plenty of wild strawberries, raspberries, blue berries and long thimble or black berries, so we had lots of fruit. We also grew our own white beans.

This meant it didn't cost so much for groceries. We really needed to buy only tea, sugar, and flour. A self-supporting farm meant a great deal when there wasn't much employment.

I remember when we were little, Dad used to go in to the lumber camp at Gilmour, in November, and didn't come out until the break-up in late March or April.

It took him and the others a day to walk out. Now you can drive the same distance in an hour.

The Levere Home



Davey Waddington

HERMITS "N" SUCH

By Gene Brown

A few of our early pioneers can be classed as Hermits. Whether they were in seclusion for reasons known only to themselves, or had come into the district as loggers and chose the life of the hunter and trapper, one never knows. They all add pieces to our patchwork of memories.

One such was Davey Waddington, who lived on the west shore of Macavoy Lake. Davey had a wife who preferred to be known as the "Lady Ellenor". He had a few acres of cleared land around his house

so may have been an earlier settler who chose to live as a trapper. The Lady Ellenor developed a bad case of cabin fever and stoutly maintained Davey was trying to pizzen her. Whether a real or fancied ailment finally finished her off I don't know; but, Davey lived on alone for quite a few years with his cats, traps, boat and gun.

He was prevailed upon to go out to the House of Refuge in Kingston when he became less able to care for himself but refused to stay as they wouldn't let him wear his large "huntin' knife" and he didn't feel dressed without it.

He wore a woodchuck skin chest protector winter and summer. This was a partially tanned woodchuck skin, hair on, with a rawhide thong for around his neck and a button to fasten it. This was worn next to chest to protect him from lung complaints.

The odour from this coupled with home grown shag "baccy", he grew himself in his wee garden, made a nose wrinkling combination. Even the family dogs avoided him when he'd come calling.

Most of the early settlers grew their own tobacco, "Shag", they called it and it was dried partially then twisted in hanks then dried some more. You had to have a hardy appetite for tobacco to be able to smoke a pipeful at a sitting and it certainly couldn't be classed as aromatic.

In those times it was legal to buy and distribute strychnine poison in trapping. Davey got some once that he was doubtful was potent enough. He made up the pills on the side of the plate as he often did and tried one out on his favourite big tom-cat. The cat died and Davey's faith in the strength of the "pizzen" was restored.

Another odd character was "Hank Hawkins" who had a shanty on the east shore of the river above Mazinaw across Mallory Creek. There isn't too much known about Hank. He was said to have told that his parents in England had picked a career as a minister for him. He decided it wasn't the life for him, ran away and came to Canada and changed his name to Hawkins. He was a small, slim man quite adept at boxing, spoke with a nasal twang and had a great capacity for drink.

He travelled on the river and lake in a home-made dugout canoe. His main diet was said to be porcupine he kept salted in a crock in his shanty. Hank would make his way to Cloyne to get supplies whenever he sold a bit of fur and needed flour, salt and tea to add to his diet of porcupine. He usually ended his shopping spree by getting quite drunk at the hotel

This one trip, he had purchased a large bottle of turpentine (used for both man and beast and rumoured to cure everything) which he deposited in his back pants pocket. He was quite drunk and erratically

making his way up the Perry road when a neighbour going the same way with team and wagon caught up to him and gave him a ride. Going over an extra bad bump either the bottle broke or the cork came out and very soon Hank started to figit and swear. He asked the driver what the.....was wrong with the wagon seat. The neighbour couldn't find any fault with his side but from the aroma figured that Hank had come in contact in the wrong places. They had reached Bon Echo creek by then where the horses paused for a drink and Hank could go for a much needed swim.

He become ill after a while and the authorities shipped him out to the Old Folks' Home at Belleville (much to his loud displeasure) where he ended his days. He maintained he had money hidden in the rocks near his shanty to the last, but none was ever found.

''Old Man Brickley'' of Brickley's Bay on the east shore of Mazinaw Lake was known for his ability to swim either to or from the Head of the Lake, a distance of about a mile and a half when he wished supplies or had occasion to go there.

There are rumours, too, of a Van Alystine who spent many years prospecting around Bon Echo supposedly looking for the fabled Myer's Cave.

Van Tassel was the name of another who was near Eagle Hill and spent his time prospecting.

Geordie Watson and Jimmie Sutherland were two more. Geordie lived where ''Sun 'n' Sands'' now is and Jimmie had his shanty across Macavoy in one of the fields.

They were good friends at one time but fell out over the division of some supplies left to them by some river drivers camped there one spring. It added up to one shooting the other's dog (a fighting challenge even to this day) so they spent spare moments shooting at each other across the creek whenever one would catch the other outside. One memory of mine was my father telling me of helping to hold ''Old Geordie'' down on my grandfather's woodworking bench while the old Scotch Doctor amputated his frozen toe. There was no anesthetic for poor Geordie but a good belt or so of whiskey. He was cursing the Doctor roundly and the old lad paused, chuckled, and said, ''Aye Meesther Watson'' and continued to saw away.

Our own area hermit was, of course, Roy Reid, if one would call him a hermit. Roy was not inclined to keep completely to himself and spurn company. One had to admit that he had eccentric qualities though, as he insisted on going barefoot the year around but would condescend to wear sandals in real cold weather. He was very interested in guns, was a very good shot and did gunsmithing as part-time employment. He was quite a reader and could discuss any subject one wanted to talk about.

Mike Shwager was another member of the community who led a rather secluded life. He was caretaker at Bon Echo for many years and was quite a good self-taught artist and many of his pictures of the Bon Echo Rock adorn the walls of local homes.

Davey and Lady Ellen

Elsie and Lulu Lloyd

WHEN WE WERE A COUPLE OF KIDS

By Elsie [Loyd] Snider

My great-grandfather Elias Lloyd moved to Flinton district from Hay Bay in what is now Prince Edward County some years before the middle of the last century. The house he built then, on his land, is still standing and some of the family use it to-day. My grandfather, Joshua Lloyd, lived for a while in Tweed and in his later years was a night guard at the foundry there. I was born at the now almost forgotten settlement of Glastonbury, where my dad, Henry Lloyd, and my mother had a small farm.

The roofs have fallen in on some of the log buildings at Glastonbury. The school house where we started to school burned down. The brush is growing up on the land cleared by so much hard work. Past the four corners east of Northbrook, the sand road crosses Beaver Creek and you can see the old log bridge supports just above where the river goes under the present bridge. The Ruttan farm is in there a little further along. The Carscallen mill was nearby.

When I was about seven, we moved to Tweed; grandfather Lloyd was getting pretty old and my dad took over his job at the foundry. Dad hired a man and a team to take us to our new home. As well as me and my sister, Lulu and my brother, Howard and our belongings, mother had brought her hens in a big wooden box. On the way, we stopped to eat and to rest the horses. The hens chuckled and cackled and laid eggs. We thought it was fun to gather eggs half way to Tweed.

We didn't stay there very long and when we came back we went to live at a place called the Broadhead house, now owned by Ward Lloyd.

When I was about nine, D. H. Fletcher of the Golden Fleece gold mine, came to our house to ask my dad about taking a job cooking at the mine camp. The Golden Fleece, now called the Addington Mine, is about one mile north of the Flinton road. The mine road turns off about half-way between Flinton and the present No. 41 highway. At this time, the mine, now closed for many years, employed about 30 men and there were high hopes that it would stay working for a long time to come.

After my dad agreed to take the job, we all looked forward to helping, so we left to go and stay at the camp. My brother Howard was eleven and my sister Lulu was seven. Our dad and mother trained us to set tables, clean floors, ring the bell for the men to come and eat, and help in many other ways.

The dining room was a long building covered on the outside with benches for the miners and a couple of smaller tables for Mr. Fletcher and the mine management and sometimes guests. Lulu and I set the tables with tin plates, enamel mugs, knives and forks and salts and peppers, and sugar bowls. There was bread, made in the camp kitchen and butter and a big pitcher of milk. Then came the steaming potatoes and meat and vegetables. Most often there was pie for dessert or cake.

When everything was ready, Lulu and I rang the bell at the door. After that we got out of the way so we wouldn't be trampled in the rush.

The men at the small table used to like to eat first and be out of the way before the mine crew came in. One day, I rang the bell just as they were getting their hats to leave. They had to get out of the way

fast. It wasn't an accident although I pretended it was. I was mad because I thought they were planning to kill my cat.

In those days it was sometimes thought that a freshly killed chicken or some animal, chopped in two and placed on a wound had some healing value. One of the big working horses at the mine had a nasty wound on his shoulder and one of the men suggested that my cat would make a good poultice. They must have been teasing me, because they didn't take my cat but I didn't forgive them for a long time.

My dad sometimes had his problems. One of the miners used to always try to get into the dining-room first. He would grab the milk pitcher with its layer of cream risen to the top and set it down at his own place where he would try to get as much of it as possible before the others could take it away from him. When the fight started my dad had to settle it. Another miner was so angry when he was not served eggs on a Friday that he stormed around and finally rushed off to buy some for himself which he brought back to have cooked for him. One time a miner became very ill with pneumonia and because he could not be moved and there was no place to send him anyway, my dad looked after him. Dr. Tyndoll said he had probably saved the man's life.

I remember mother always let Lulu and I play on Saturdays. We usually took our dolls over to Jennie Mills' place. Jennie lived at the corner of the mine road.

When we left the Golden Fleece, we moved to the Presley farm. There we kept horses and cows and sheep and turkey hens. After a while my dad decided to buy the Peterson farm at Northbrook and he built a house there. Lulu and I thought it was going to be so nice to live near the store.

Every Saturday night we would put on our best dresses and mother would give us each five cents to get an ice-cream. We seemed to have plenty to do. We used to put on little sketches to entertain the old folks and afterward we would make taffy. On Wednesday night we gathered with some girl-friends at Caspar Thompson's store and his wife would invite us in for a sing-song.

We had a neighbour who played good old step-dance tunes and so we learned to step-dance. It's been a long time since I wore pinafores and pigtails and cried when Miss Wivel, our school teacher left us. However, I can still step-dance a little if I happen to feel like it.

Tom Irvine and daughter Lizzie

CUTTING STOVE WOOD

I wonder how many of our Pioneer Group remember the chore of ''Cuttin' the Stove Wood''.

Woe to the family whose husband and father was a poor fuel provider. In the winter they got their wood hot from the axe and huddled and shivered while it fizzled and smoked until it got going good.

When the wood supply was down to the last usable chip, someone had to get out and get more. You waded snow, if in the winter, cut a few poles and if you had a horse or ox skidded them up into the yard. Otherwise, you carried or dragged them up. When that many poles were used up spring arrived.

One old settler I heard tales of in my youth had a hole in the kitchen wall opposite the stove door. He had taken the door off the stove and just cut the poles and shoved them through the hole into the stove. As it burned, it was fed on into the stove until that pole was burned. Then another was shoved in through the hole.

It was usually the job of the boys of the family to cut up the night's supply of wood after school and on Saturdays. Of course, if there were only girls, they either had to learn to pull their end of a crosscut or how to work a Swede saw or axe, or shiver, suit oneself.

In summer you skinned stumps or picked up pine knots in your apron while going for the cows. After all. one didn't need heat so much, but cooking, washing and ironing must be done.

I strongly suspect that the old fence rail fell to the good wife's axe if the preacher or some such important personage happened by at mealtime.

The housewife whose husband had a goodly pile of nicely split hardwood ahead at all times was considered most fortunate. I bet the piles got many a longing look from young gaffers heading home from school if they knew they'd be met with the news that they had to get busy at the woodpile or no supper.

THE STAR OF THE EAST

The Star of the East Gold Mining and Milling Company was located in Barrie Township, Frontenac County. The original mining lots held were Lots 31 and 32, Concession 9; the south half of Lot 32, Concession 10; Lot 29, Concession 11; Lots 25, 26, and south half of Lot 24, Concession 10; Lot 25, Concession 9.

The mine shaft, which is now filled in, is on the south half of Lot 24, Concession 10. The mill, bunkhouse and office were on Lot 25, Concession 9. It is said that Tom Perry and J. Cowan had a hand in staking the Star just after the turn of the century. Mining operations began in 1903. They continued until 1907 when the mine was closed due to low-grade ore and lack of capital.

In 1904 a stamp-mill, 10 stamps, was built in the North-west corner of Lot 25, Concession 9. Water was piped by gravity from MacCausland Lake. A Gardiner-Governor Compressor was installed. They used two locomotive engine boilers at 40 h.p. capacity each.

A shaft, inclined for 80 feet, was sunk to 213 feet. At four levels underground, considerable drifting was done. There was also a great deal of surface trenching to test the property.

In 1906, J. K. Dale was president and general manager, and Thomas Jackson was foreman. Mike Scullion ran the mine hunt. At this time 12 men were employed. About 100 tons of ore was milled and a few thousand dollars worth of gold produced. This property had never been diamond-drilled.

The ore is in quartz stringers and lenses in dolomite as far as can be seen, although men who worked underground say there was a body of massive sulphides at the bottom level at the end of a north-east drift.

The minerals identified are pyrite, chalcopyrite, scheelite, tourmaline, bismuthinite, with actinolite and diopside. The gold is apparently in fine distribution associated with the pyrite.

The dolomite is Grenville in age, roughly one billion years old. To the south the dolomite contacts the altered sediments of the syncline between Mississagagon Lake and Kashwakamak. To the north the dolomite is in contact with a volcanic breccia. All rest on the granite intrusives. The area seems to be part of a closely folded syncline pitching north-east. At the Star the dart, altered sediments seen further south, appear to be missing and the dolomite rests directly on the granite. Some geologists have suggested that the dolomite rests directly on the granite. Some geologists have suggested that the dolomite may represent a thrust from the south-east.

In 1906, W. L. Goodwin of the Ontario Bureau of Mines visited the Star to give a lecture on geology and mining.

In his report he states that the Star camp was very well run and that the food and living accommodations were much better than at many mines he had visited in Eastern Ontario.

The Star was idle for many years and the strippings grew up in scrub trees. In 1935, it was sold to J. Driscoll from Toronto and some exploratory work was done but nothing came of it. John Elliot of Ottawa purchased it in the late fifties. No mining was done. At this time, the interior of the main building was wrecked by vandals and the owner had torn it down.

At present the Star property, only part of the original holding, is owned by Miss Nancy Cannon.

EVE'S PUDDING

Mrs. Jemima McGarvey states that this recipe is well over one hundred years old.

If you want a good pudding mind what you are taught
The eggs six in number when bought for a groat;
The fruit with which Eve her husband did cozen,
Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen;
Six ounces of bread, let Moll eat the crust,
And crumble the rest as fine as the dust;
Six ounces of currants from the stems you must sort,
Lest you break out your teeth and spoil all the sport;
Six ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet,
Some salt and some nutmeg will make it complete.
Three hours let it boil without any flutter,
But Adam won't like it without wine and butter.

THE DENBIGH GRIST MILL

About year 1856, the Addington Colonization Road was begun, its main objective being to open the Northern part of the county of Lennox and Addington to accomodate a healthy influx of would-be settlers, some European, some U.E.L. descendents.

The township of Denbigh was formed in 1859. Among the immigrants arriving from Germany was one who was a miller by trade.

When sufficient land was cleared to grow wheat, the farmers were introduced to the idea of building a grist mill in the 1870's, soon replaced by a larger mill to take care of the bountiful crops. Prior to the building of a mill, it was necessary to bring such necessities as flour a distance of 90 miles by ox-team on almost impassable corduroy roads.

In 1897, Edward J. Petzold bought the Flour Mill. He also had learned the trade and apprenticeship in Germany.

Due to ill health, he was forced to retire and his eldest son, Edward William took over.

The mill was run by water-power and had two sets of huge stones—one to grind wheat for flour, cornmeal, and buckwheat and rye flour. One day was set aside for hashing, i.e., grinding such grain as oats for livestock.

Early in the 1900's, the young owner could see the necessity to do away with the old mill-stones, replacing them with rollers. The cost was great both financially and in lack of skilled labour.

In due time, the machinery arrived at Kaladar C.P.R. Station, a distance of 40 miles south. So eager were the farmers to do their bit, a contingent of 20-odd teams of horses undertook the three day journey to haul the machinery to Denbigh (free gratis).

Many repairs and changes were necessary to accomodate the new machinery and soon the milling season was extended from 6 to 10 months, with every available floor space in the mill allotted to individual "grists" as well as any vacant store-rooms in the village.

During the peak season of 1914-18, it was a known fact that farmers residing a distance of over 50 miles, would begin their journey to the mill with their grain, lunch for man and beast at midnight, their water-pail and coal-oil lantern, at sundown, hoping to be customer No. 1 at the mill at daylight; also hoping to return home the same day. When too many were of the same mind it was necessary to make a return trip many days later.

Two to four young locals were engaged to handle the ever-increasing business. During the fall and winter season, the mill ran continuously for 36 hours, followed by a 12-hour well-deserved rest.

One or two true stories come to mind as a result of a long day.

Neighbours dropped in at the mill during the evening, interested in the expansion and to swap stories. One such visitor found the Miller, with lantern in hand leaning against a post, the hum of the well-cared-for machinery having lulled the over-tired workman into a sound sleep.

Again after an extra long tedious shift, the Miller managed to close down the mill, extinguish some six or eight lamps or lanterns, walked out the door, leaving it wide open and five hundred dollars in an unlocked cash box still intact when he returned the following morning. (one liked to believe it could still happen in 1974.)

A snapshot exists of six teams of horses, sleighs loaded with grain lined up to the mill door each awaiting his turn.

The construction of Highway 41—Napanee to Eganville—in the mid 1930's was the beginning of the end for the Denbigh Grist Mill.

Employment with the Dept. of Highways offered shorter hours of labour, ready cash and more attractive work than taking a chance at farming. Consequently, the Denbigh Grist Mill was forced to close in 1947.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN DENBIGH

William Warlick of Denbigh gives us a description as he remembers it seventy-five years ago.

Albert Lockwood's first house was near where Glaeser's store now stands and beside him was Bill Chatson's hotel and livery barn. It burned and Adolph Glaeser's father built the house where the store is now. Sam Lane built the brick house next to it. The Beebees built the store where the Hartmans now are. Gustav Adams was the next owner and Glen Harman's grandfather bought it from Mrs. Adams in 1930.

There was another store across the road, run by Ephriam Sullens. This is now known as the Roger's house. Charles Both had a blacksmith shop beside this and the Community Hall was over the blacksmith shop. Charles Both's house is the post office now.

Tom Pringle, August Stein and Bill Slater were also early residents. Tom Blakely had a store beside the United Church. This was later run by Charles Wienecke. Next to it was John Wesley Lane's machine shop. There was a log store and post office up behind the Apostolic Church at one time. The schoolhouse was down below where the Community Hall now is and Sam Lane had a sawmill in behind. John Lane had a hotel across from the United Church. This was later run by Paul Stein and Bill Rosenblath. There were four Lane brothers who came out from Ireland and settled around Denbigh. Outside of that, it was mostly a German settlement and most of the earlier settlers lived out along the Addington road.

Bill John's grandfather had a hotel about where Arnold Keller lives. It was known as Dutch John's place. The first council meeting was held up behind where Bill John's house was on the farm on the short-cut road to Vennachar. The Fritch brothers, Marquards, Youmans and Rahms were other early settlers.

They used to gather up all the produce that could be spared in the fall and drove to Renfrew to trade. They had butter in ninety-pound firkins or in prints, potatoes, grain, beef, pigs, hides, geese and wool in fleece and spun into yarn. The journey took three days down and back. They usually stayed at either Jim Lacey's or Joe Varrin's hotels in Dacre. They traded their produce for sugar, flour and meal by the hundred pound bag to do them a year.

Vennachar had the first cheese factory. Later one was built in Denbigh near where Gordon Plotz lives.

Drovers used to come in and buy cattle and sheep and drive them in herds to either Kaladar or Renfrew to ship, picking up what each settler had to sell as they went along.

Miss Addie Wilkes of Denbigh has supplied us with some additional information about her forebearers, namely, the Slater, Pringle and Rogers families.

The Slaters came from England, via Belleville, and settled at what became Slate Falls about 1875. Timothy Pringle, her great grandfather, kept a hotel across the old bridge over the Madawaska at the foot of Snake Rapids in Lyndoch Township.

Mr. Pringle was known in the district as a bone-setter and a self-taught doctor. He was United Empire Loyalist stock and lived first at Barrie, Ontario. He came to the Slate Falls area about 1860. When the bridge over the Madawaska burned, they moved in closer to the settlement then becoming known as Denbigh.

THE VANISHING BREED

The Country Doctor

The earliest doctor recorded in this pioneer area was Dr. Wellington Ding who had his practice in Flinton in 1850. He was said to have moved up to the foot of the Eagle Hill after the Addington Road was completed in the late 1850's. A Dr. Pomeroy came from Bridgewater (now Actinolite) one day a week to Flinton. There were a series of doctors after that, Belch, Burrows, Taylor, Creighton, Stevenson were at one time or another in Flinton but didn't stay long.

Finally, Dr. Tyndall came to stay in 1903. He was a slim man of medium height with a handsome red moustache. He had quite a gruff reputation with the younger fry. One lady tells of going to his office as a child, on a dare, and saying she was very ill. He must have seen through her act because he sat down on the step, put her across his knee and soundly spanked her.

His practice covered a large rural area, Mazinaw district, Cloyne, Harlowe, Northbrook, Henderson, Arden, Kaladar, as well as Flinton. He came when people were sick, day or night. His team and buggy or cutter were known everywhere. He stayed in Flinton until his death sometime in the 1930's.

Dr. Doig was an early doctor in the Eagle Hill area. He lived about ten miles south of Denbigh near where William Souter, Sr., now lives. Dr. Doig was from Scotland. The story goes that he had been a surgeon in the Royal Navy. When he came home from a tour of duty one time, it was to find that his fiancee had become tired of waiting and had married his brother. Broken-hearted, he emigrated to

Canada. He had a big, rangy horse he called Pete. He made his house calls kneeling on the floor of his wagon or sleigh. Each time he set out he would tell Pete how much he expected to take in that day and how much grain that would buy for Pete. When he died he was buried in a corner of his garden near his old log house.

Dr. Joseph Adams of Denbigh, I knew well. He came from Kingston, to Plevna first, then to Denbigh. At one time his office was over what is now Hartman's store. He then built a house where Mr. Kaufman now lives near the Apostolic Church. He was my parents' doctor when I was born and was present at the birth of both my children. He died in 1942 and is buried in the Lutheran Church Cemetery at Denbigh. He was a medium height, chubby man with a very friendly character and could often be found, on off-duty times, discussing topics of the day with friends and neighbours in the general store or the blacksmith's shop. He always wore a black bowler hat. My father had a bay mare he called Mary. When Mother or we kids hitched Mary to the buggy, she took her own sweet time to go anywhere, munched her way along, so to speak. If Dad had to go for the doctor, that was different matter altogether. Dad would hold Mary's head until Doc got firmly settled, with bowler hat clutched tight, them Mary took off in high gear.

His practice also took in a huge territory, Raglan, Palmer Rapids, Griffith, Matawachan and Plevna.

His wife came from the Kingston area. Her name was Marie but I never knew her to be called anything buy Mrs. Doc. She had training in organ and piano-playing and gave music lessons to the young ladies of the community. If I rightly remember, there was a running feud between Mrs. Doc and some of the local ladies as to who would be organist at the church on Sunday.

Though medicine had made vast strides forward since those days, I'm sure there is not always the same rapport between doctor and patient.

THE OAT BINS

'Twas on a gentle braw May day
With ox and stone-boat, among the stumps
The boys were picking stones
That seemed to grow and come again each spring
Like weeds, but could be used for fences.
From up the dusty country road
A horse and buggy came, drew up before the Irvine home
And from it lit the minister from the village.
Such a bustle inside there was;
With straying strands of hair brushed back,
A clean white apron quickly donned,
Good Mistress Irvine, with smiling face,
Threw open wide the door,
And bid the Reverend to come in.
"And is your good man home this day?
The village folk have told me
He is skilled at building things,
And everywhere I go, I see his work
In cottage, barn and byre.
My good wife tells me she must have
New cupboards in the manse
To hold the wee bit keepsakes
She did bring across the sea from home."
"Aye he is here, out in the barn.
Some special bins for grain he's building now."
Then out they went, to find the master at his work
Each oaken plank was fitted in with careful hand
To form the bins for oats, and wheat, and rye,
With great close-fitting lids to keep out mice.
He told the minister to hold the lid
And pointed out the corners neat, well-made;
Down dropped the heavy planks across the poor man's fingers
Resting on the bin's edge there below,
And while the preacher begged a pardon on his clumsiness
The tears rolled down poor Mister Irvine's face.
A man of stature short was he;
But oh.... when anything his ire stirred,
The rafters rang with great, well-rounded, Gaelic oaths
That made the barn cats hump their backs and spit
And Collie crawl beneath the steps
To cover up his aching ears.
Young Bob in wide-eyed wonder stood
Each muscle taut and poised for flight
He waited for the storm to break with bated breath
While all the time his Father's face
Turned purpler still
And teeth were clenched to force back words
Not fitting in the presence of the Cloth.
His wife came quickly to his aid,
With smile serene, she took the preacher's arm
And sweetly said, "Come awa bin to the hoos awhile
And let the poor man talk it ouer wi' his sel."

Gene Brown

George Brown and Thomas Irvine

THE EARLY SETTLERS

By Gene Brown

There is no doubt that the lumbering industry brought the first settlers into this part of Upper Canada. They could have been sons of the earlier settlers along "The Front", as the area along the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario was known. As it became more settled there were less and less good farming sites for these young men. Many men brought their teams of horses or oxen in to work in the camps in the winter to make a few extra dollars for their families. If they saw good land they came back and either squatted or homesteaded it, bringing in their families later to pioneer the district.

Some, too, brought their families in to live by the camps and worked from year to year. When the loggers moved on to another logging site these people remained. Perhaps they had hopes of more logging to

Mrs. James Irvine of Eagle Hill

come, perhaps too poor to move on. The men may have become accustomed to the hunting and trapping life and chose to live in the bush.

Though not classed as a good farming area by any means, it meant home, food and "a place of their own" to many an emigrant forced out of the old country by famine, landlords and wars. One can conjure up many different stories in one's mind of the whys and the wherefores of the different families venturing into our area. Perhaps some wouldn't be too far from the real truth.

A lot of our early forebearers can trace their ancestors back to the United Empire Loyalists, the settlements in Prince Edward County, and along that part of Lake Ontario from Trenton to Kingston. The men may have come in with the Rathbun Lumber Company from Deseronto.

Quite a few came up from Glengary County, Carleton Place and various spots in the Ottawa Valley. These very likely worked for the Caldwells, Peter McLaren or Gillies. The Tom Irvine farm come into being by Tom and his brother Jim coming in from North Gower with a logging crew. He noticed how good the land was, so came back and homesteaded it.

He told of how tired he'd be after a day's chopping. He would go to sleep leaning against a tree in the evening when he'd be burning the logs to clear the land. He had to carry his flour, meal and seed in from Napanee. He often told of how he'd pick up a rail to carry along a

The Old Crabtree Place

ways so that when he dropped it he'd feel that much fresher and could go farther.

He said meal was better to carry than flour because they could mix it with water from streams they crossed and so get strength to go on. Sixty pounds was considered a good load to carry that distance.

The great fires that swept through from Simpson Lake to near Harlowe wrote "finis" to most of the logging. There was one around the 1880's and another known as the Vennachar Fire in 1903.

My mother told me of the earlier one. She was a child of five and her family was living in at Mallory Lake as her father was working at a sawmill there. She said he bundled them all, (even her pet fawn) onto a raft on the lake, where they spent the night. She said the giant pines went down like hay before a scythe.

When the Addington or Perry road was built, the few settlers lured in managed to hew a home out of the wilderness, mainly along the lakes and river valleys.

The lumber companies were mainly responsible for the road being built to get access to the vast areas of pine. It is noticeable that all the settlements that remain today were once lumber camps or depots.

The Tom Irvine Homestead

The road from Cloyne to Denbigh was quite well settled in those days. There were hotels or "stopping places" all along. There was quite a settlement around where Bon Echo Park is now. People lived all along the road in toward Mallory Lake. This was part of the original Addington Road. It followed the hills and came out above Louse Creek, then on up the valley to Scotts, then up that valley due north and up the Eagle Hill and on into Denbigh. The short cut road from Vennachar settlement came out at the Bill John farm and joined it there.

Those who chose to remain after the lumbermen deserted the camps struggled on under great difficulties to make a home and a living.

Other emigrants made their way into what was known as the "Northern Wilderness" lured by the free land, casting their lot with the hardy ones already there.

Hardy they were. Grandma McCausland of Marble Lake, told her grandchildren now in their 70's, of coming over from Ireland, up the St. Lawrence to Napanee and Bath, then walking back over rough trails with her family to settle on the Marble Lake farm. There a log shanty would be built and twelve acres chopped as per colonization rules. The hardwood logs were burned for potash, seeds were sown by hand amid the stumps.

She was widowed when her daughter Louise was four years old and she had to raise her family as best she could alone. It is said she had often packed fifty pounds of flour or meal back from Napanee grist mills herself.

She raised her own sheep, sheared them, spun the wool, and knit articles to sell to the lumbermen as a source of income.

After her sons went their ways, she and Louise lived alone on the

The First Mr. and Mrs. William Head

farm until Louise married Bill Head. He and his father used to bring cattle in from Napanee, drive them to the various logging camps and mills and slaughter them there. After Bill and Louise were married they continued to live at the old homestead, now known as the old Head Place. Bill was very active in the community, serving in Municipal politics for many years and active until his death at ninety-five. The pioneer mother often meant the success of the early homesteads. If she was resourceful and "handy", as the saying went, she made use of whatever was available and worked right along with her man.

Mrs. "Jack" Deline was another such pioneer mother. They lived across the Mazinaw in Campbell's Bay. She is said to have hewed the logs for their house herself and made her own furniture. She even made a sleigh. She bore ten children there, without benefit of doctor's help. The fact that provincial authorities finally decided that they needed schooling forced the family to move across to the settlement.

The life expectancy was rather low compared to nowadays. Though there were some doctors, they were usually a distance away over rough trails. Midwives, Granny (herb) women, even "blood charmers", had to be relied upon, and more often than not saved a life.

Mrs. Clifford of Harlowe was one such "Herb Woman". She was my great grandmother and I've had my father tell me how she used to get himself and other children to go with her out in the woods and gather the herbs, barks, berries and roots she used in her medicines.

School days were primitive too. Our older people talk of little log school houses with rough benches to sit on. When you wanted to write, you knelt in front of your bench, as you didn't have a desk. Each child got a slate and a slate pencil. Horrid, scratchy things they were, too.

Lunch often was corn meal mush in a small tin pail you carried to school with you. Lucky the child to have milk and sugar on it. My Dad used to tell of kids coming to school in his day with some pancakes strung on a wire.

Many of the families are related by another survival tactic of the early years. When a man lost his wife, either in childbirth or other ways, and was left with small children, he usually got busy and got himself another one. Often it was a widow in the same straights as logging accidents were frequent. Many a young mother found herself alone to raise her family as best she could after the winter's logging and spring drives were over.

Once the main logging companies pulled out and the fires swept the granite ridges bare, there was little indeed for the settlers who were left. The exodus for the west had started by then and many struggled on for a while then pulled up stakes and went west or up into New Ontario, as that part of our province from Pembroke north was known. There were a few small logging gangs more or less mopping up small tracts of timber bypassed by the fires or logs cut and left by other companies, but this petered out by the time the 1914 war started.

The tourist industry that is the mainstay of this district today started its roots in the 1890-1900's. People even then were looking for places to spend a few weeks away from city life. They would come in to Kaladar or Lavant by train and wagon and be taken to where they'd made arrangements for their holidays. Many would put up their tents in the fields and eat their meals at the farmers' homes.

Christy Kellar and Bill Head were two of the early men who used to meet the trains at Kaladar and bring in the summer people. Oscar Meeks' mother kept summer boarders before the Denisons took over Bon Echo. Charlie McGregor, Lily and Joe Perry were the pioneers of the tourist business in the Marble Lake and Meyers Cave district.

The old farmsteads are deserted now, grown up to second growth timber, juniper and sumac. Here and there an old cellar hole or a pile of old handhewn logs give a heart-tugging memory of what was once a home. They are all part of our lives, though, and memories should be cherished and passed on. Those logs can tell a better story than the plastic and glass rubble strewn in the present day.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ST. JOHN'S ANGLICAN CHURCH, CLOYNE

By David Sinclair

The early records of the work of the Church of England in the North Addington area are generally sketchy, and those of work in the specific area about Cloyne almost non-existent. Services may have been held in homes in the area as soon as loyal churchpeople began to settle here, but the first recorded services of the Church are referred to in the Synod Journal of the Diocese of Ontario in 1896, in which the Rev. Hugh John Spencer is cited as working in Flinton and Cloyne.

Fr. Spencer must have worked hard and fast. A deed from 1897 records the transfer of a church site from one Henry Head to the Incorporated Synod of Ontario. In 1898 the Rev. J. dePencier Wright, priest-in-charge, related that as well as the church site he had gathered "some building materials and eighty dollars in cash".

The listing of Fr. Wright as priest-in-charge of the Mission of North Addington for 1897-98 may have coincided with the time in Deacon's Orders of the Rev. R. R. Irvine, who actually took services here. Mention is made of Irvine's carrying the care of the Church into Renfrew County as well, so the two men together may have tried to cover a huge area. In any case, vestry records indicate that the Rev. R. R. Irvine looked after Cloyne and Flinton until 1914, his being the longest ministry in the Mission's history.

St. John's Church, originally a building only eighteen feet wide and thirty long, sitting on log sills on the ground, was erected and declared free of debt in 1901. The little white clapboard structure, with very well-executed interior lining and lovely leaded-glass windows, was consecrated for the perpetual worship of God on September 25th, 1901, by the Rt. Rev. William Lennox Mills, second Bishop of Ontario.

How large the early congregation was, or indeed who some of its leading personages may have been, is impossible to discover from the scanty records at hand, although local memory does fill some of this unfortunate gap. Regular services were held in St. John's at least until 1918, under the Rev. C. T. Easton, who succeeded Fr. Irvine in 1914.

The First World War coincided with (and to some extent aided) a decline in population in the northern townships. After the war and until 1928, St. John's Cloyne was closed, although theological students did provide some services during the summers. An interesting note from a 1925 Vestry Book intimates that loyal churchpeople of the Anglican sort were hard to find in that period. "No Anglicans!", runs the note."Will cease Cloyne regularly until I have a chance to visit through the week and find out more about the place." That entry was signed, 'J. B. Creeggan', the present Lord Bishop of the Diocese, who according to records never did come back to Cloyne for service that summer.

The Mission was re-opened in 1928 with the appointment of Rev. E. Grant, who stayed only a year and was followed by the Rev. W.

Quarterman. At various times during the depression and up to World War Two, the North Addington Mission was linked with the North Frontenac Mission (Plevna and area) and services over this huge territory tended to be sporadic. Two students, E. E. Sinfield and C. C. Brazill, provided services in Cloyne in 1931 and 1932, and then the joint mission was served from Plevna by the Rev. A. F. Dowdell (1933-35), the Rev. Newlyn Humphries (1935-38), the Rev. H. B. Snell (1939-40) and the Rev. Stanley Kerrison (1940-45). During most of this time, Anglicans were expected to travel to St. Paul's, Flinton, for regular services, although there were occasional times of worship at Cloyne.

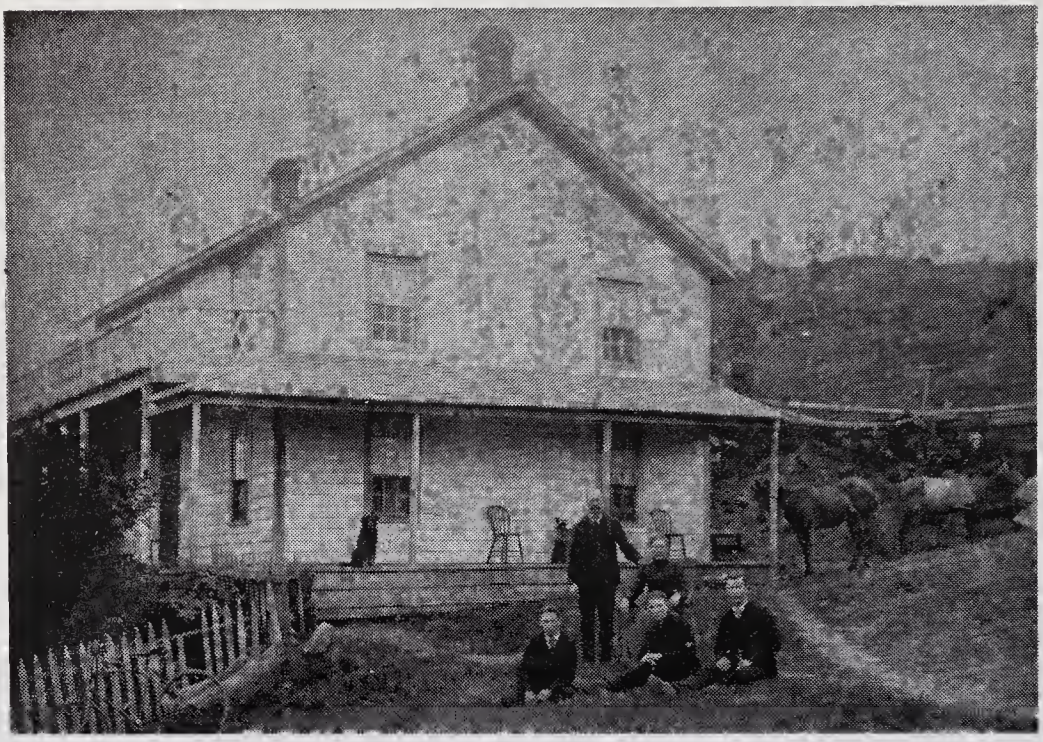
After 1945, a further re-alignment of the territory attempted to serve Cloyne (and Flinton and Harlowe) from Tweed. The Rev. W. J. Robinson, who is now Bishop of the Diocese of Ottawa, was the incumbent of the combined Missions from 1946 until 1948. Mr. Steve May served Cloyne as resident Lay Reader in 1948 and 1949, and managed to have electrical wiring installed in St. John's to enable him to hold services on Sunday evenings. In 1950-51 the Rev. F. F. Downing served Cloyne (again from Tweed), with the help of students in the summer. Among those who took services in the area during this time was the Rev. D. P. Burns, now the Rector of Trinity Church, Brockville.

In 1952, the Rev. L. E. Hawkes became Rector of Tweed and ministered as well to North Addington until 1964. A great builder, Fr. Hawkes was responsible for the erection of a concrete block foundation under St. John's and the addition of twelve feet to the church's length, bringing St. John's to its present physical appearance.

In recent times, services at St. John's have been provided by the Rev. D. W. Sinclair (from Tweed) in 1964, the Rev. John Lack (from Plevna) from 1965 until 1967, the Rev. John Lombard (also from Plevna), from 1967 until 1971.

In 1971 St. John's Cloyne became part of another restructuring, the creation of the Land O' Lakes Parish, out of the former Missions of North Addington and North Frontenac. The Rev. D. W. Sinclair became resident priest, serving the whole area first from Flinton, then since October 1972, from Cloyne.

Although the story of a Church is not really told in records of buildings and clergy, these are the only items many churches ever seem to write down. People come, people pray, and people work for their faith; but they don't leave tracks doing it. The major accomplishment of the people of St. John's, Cloyne, known to this writer, is of recent times. Since 1969 the congregation of St. John's has been instrumental in operating the Summer Worship Services in the Amphitheatre of Bon Echo Provincial Park. Begun as a Mission Church, and to this day dependent upon some outside support, St. John's has shown some results for all that history by itself becoming involved in a missionary outreach.



The McCausland Homestead, Marble Lake

THE McCAUSLANDS

By Louise [McCausland] King

My mother's parents came from Ireland. Her father's name was Patrick Mulvihill, born in 1822 in county Kerry, died in 1890. His wife, Ann Conroy, was born in 1834 in county Lundh, Ireland. She died in 1915. They lived near Eddie Bosley. They are buried at Flinton.

The McCauslands, my father's people, came from Scotland to Amherst Island. My great grandfather, John William McCausland and his wife settled on land which became known as "The Head Farm". Their daughter, Louise, married William Head. John William McCausland was drowned with his son, Tom, when their boat upset near the island in Marble Lake.

I was only three when my great grandmother died in 1905. I remember seeing a picture of a huge maple tree at the Head place and my great grandmother sitting under it.

My grandfather, William McCausland, married Elizabeth Winters. They put up what they called a shanty at Marble Lake to live in at first, then they built their house.

The frame of the house was made of large timbers, which grandfather hewed with a broad-axe and smoothed with an adze. I still have the adze.

My grandmother used to tell me that my father was a baby when they were building the house. She would lay him in a sap trough, which was a log split in half with the centre hewed out. While she helped with the house, she also had two boys to take care of. The older one was Edmond. My father was John.

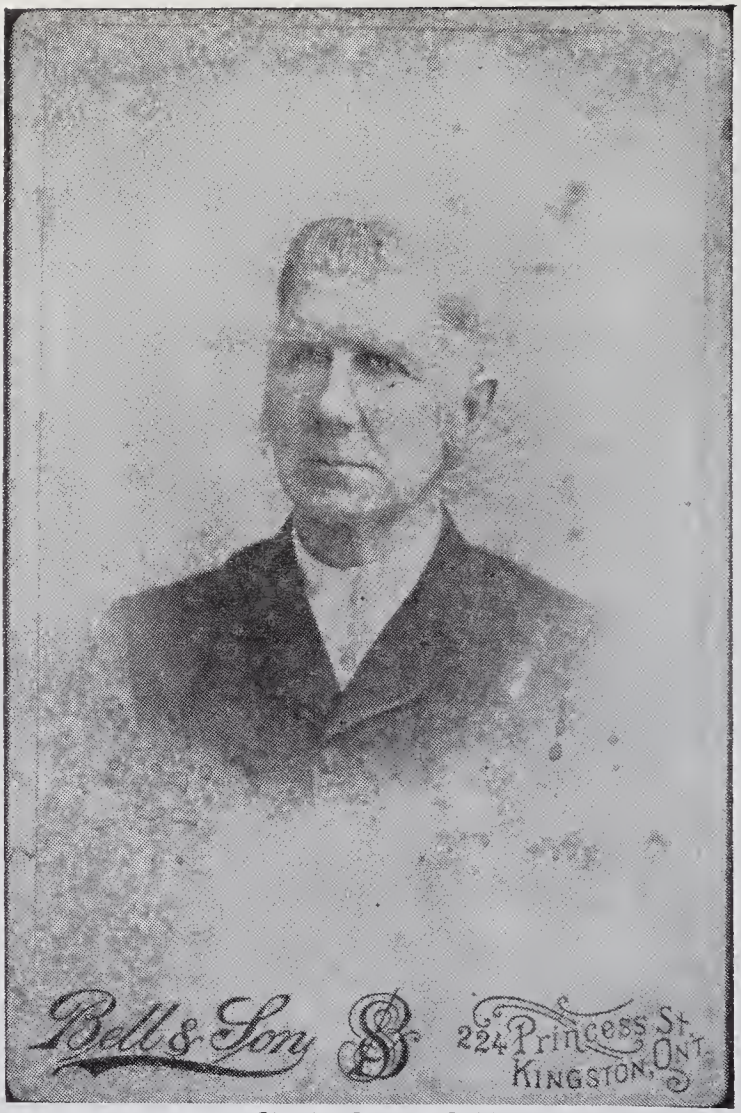
I have the sewing machine she used to make my father's clothes. I used it for my own family.

Around 1910, my grandparents bought a house in the village of Cloyne. My grandfather drove the mail from Cloyne to Kaladar every day with a team of horses and a wagon. He used to bring tourists coming up to Bon Echo from the train at Kaladar. He drove them to the foot of the Mazinaw Lake and they took a boat from there to Bon Echo.

In winter, if he had passengers, he heated bricks, wrapped them and put them at the passenger's feet. He always had plenty of cowhide robes in the sleigh. The roads were never ploughed in those days so they were very bad, but he never missed meeting a train.

My mother's name was Anastasia Mulvihill. My mother and father were married on April 25, 1899. They had five girls and one boy. Three of us were born at Marble Lake in the house grandfather built.

The McCausland grandparents and my father and mother are buried in the Dempsey Cemetery.



Charles Stewart Snider

DAYS OF SNIDER DEPOT

By Andrew Snider

At this time, I should like to tell about how my family first came to Canada and how my grandfather Charles Stewart Snider first came to this part of the country.

Among those who were United Empire Loyalist were Simon Snider and his family. They were one of the families who shouldered their possessions and moved off into the wilderness to begin a new life. Simon was a farmer from Saratoga, Albany County, New York State. He left New York in 1778. Simon Snider was with Jessup's famous Rangers and served with Colonel Johnson's Loyal Regiment. Four of his sons also served with Colonel Johnson.

Early Days on the Snider Homestead

Simon's wife's name was Mary Ann. They had six children. They settled at Ernestown. Here Simon was granted Lot 21, Concession 1, West half. Their children and their grandchildren grew up and married around that same area.

Simon's great grandson, Charles Stewart Snider, married Louise Eva Lake on March 20, 1848. When their eldest son, Billans, was two years old, Charles and Eve moved to Cloyne in Barrie Township. They are listed in the 1861 census. However, it is believed that Charles went back and forth to Ernestown over a period of several years in the early 1850's. He must have built some living accommodations long before he applied for the land on the river which became known as Snider Depot. He applied for the Crown grant of 56 acres, Lot 31, Concession 9, Barrie Township, in 1861. He received his deeds in 1867.

He had seen the great opportunities offered by the stands of big timber in the district. He built a dam and a sawmill located a short distance below where the present bridge crosses the Mississippi. The river narrows here and the dam long pre-dated the present one, just a short distance downstream from the foot of Mazinaw. There is no trace left today.

Charles and Eve Snider had six children: Billans, Charles, Levi, Joshua, Parthena and Schulyer, who died when he was two. The sawmill prospered and the family grew up and took places in the community.

Then, in 1874, Charles had an offer from the Gillies-McLaren lumber interests. He had been objecting to the damage to his sluiceways as the big drives came down from limits to the north.

The Old Snider Depot

Mclaren offered him ten thousand dollars for Lot 31 which included the dam site. It was a very large amount of money in those days and he sold and moved back to the Ernestown area. His first wife, Louise Eve Lake, had died and he re-married a girl of twenty-five who coped very well with her ready-made family. Parthena married and left. Charles stayed south. Billans, Levi and Joshua returned to this area. There is a document in existence which seems to indicate that Charles Stewart Snider had acquired Lots 29, Concession 11 and 30, Concession 10, Barrie, as well as the 50-acre grant of Lot 31, Concession 9. Incidentally on the sale of Lot 31, there was a two-acre reserve for Nicholas Lake and one half acre given to the Township where the schoolhouse stood. About Lots 29 and 30, there is an agreement with Hugo and Edward Rathbun of Tyendinaga, dated 1866, for purchase of these lots for $450.00. In view of the fact that Lot 31, Concession 9, is included in this agreement, it is highly probable that this proposed sale was never completed, especially as there is no further reference to it.

When the Peter McLaren interests took over there were houses at Snider Depot and the saw-mill and dam were in good condition. However, as McLaren and the Canada Lumber Company wanted only the sluiceways, the mill fell into despair. There were some very large buildings put up. The huge stable was said to be big enough to house 100 horses. There were barns for feed and bunk houses. Many men

Logging Crew on the Mississippi

were employed and the Depot prospered while the mopping-up operations continued and the drives went through. Toward the end of the century, The Sawlogs Driving Act of 1886, sparked by historic differences of opinion between the Caldwells and the McLarens, had made things fairly peaceful on the river. Memories of Larry Frost, once drive boss and tough fighter for the Caldwells, were fading a little, although the marks of his boot heels are still pointed out on the ceilings of taverns up and down the Ottawa and its tributaries.

Charles Snider's sons made places for themselves. Billans ran the engines of the steamboat used by the Canada Lumber Company to pull their booms. This was also used to take excursions of sight-seers up the lake. It was based at the Depot and its captain was Henry Lake. Billans built and lived in the house owned by the late Herb Patterson on the Loon Lake Road. The glassed-in wheel house of the old steamboat stood on the brow of the hill on this property, looking out over the lake for many years.

My father, Levi Snider, married Louise Churchill, my mother, in 1895. He was living at Odessa and my mother was an officer of the Salvation Army holding services there. They moved back to the lumber business. My mother held meetings up in John Winter's pine grove in the old barracks which was later moved to Bon Echo. My mother came from Newfoundland and made several trips back there, the last one in 1908.

I had one brother, Charles, and two sisters, Pat and Eva. On this trip to Newfoundland she had planned to take my sister Pat and me.

Lumber Camp Crew, Bear Creek Area

For some reason the plans were changed and I didn't get to go. I can still rememeber how disappointed I was.

At the Depot my dad kept horses and cows, sheep, chickens and geese. When I was only two years old, the geese used to chase me through the front gate. The gate is gone and only a clump of lilacs show where the house once stood. We played with the Cowan children. E. J. Cowan was manager of the Star Gold Mine and it wasn't too far away.

Later, we moved to Uncle Joshua Snider's house which was near Dempsey's cemetery. This house was later owned by Henry Springer, who married my father's niece and it became generally known as the Springer place. About this time, my dad decided to buy a log house owned by Henry Lake. It is said that Henry Lake cut the huge trees, squared the logs and built the house himself. My dad wanted it up on the hill on land he owned, which was part of the Dempsey Grant of 1872. So, he had it taken apart and moved. Mark Bishop and Dave Miller helped in the operation.

They skidded up the 24'' squared timbers with heavy teams and set them up again. This house is still standing in good condition. It was our home for sixty years.

At the old Depot the dam went out in 1910 and the mill was wrecked. The buildings were taken down and fell into wreckage. Today no one would know it had ever been there.

My dad used to tell me about the days he cooked in the lumber camps. One year he cooked for the Cummings. The food provided at that time was salt pork with beans and molasses, bread baked in huge, covered iron kettles buried in hot coals and tea. The men slept on hay stuffed in bunks. By the time I began to work in the camps, conditions had changed. In 1918 when I worked west of the present Sawyer-Stoll limits for Gill and Fortune, the cook, Jack O'Brien served the best of everything. We even had pies and cakes and comfortable beds.

Life was very hard in the last century for people around here, but today something seems to be missing. Maybe it's an unwillingness to tackle hard jobs; maybe it's lack of interest in things. Life was very exciting in the days when the big drives were coming down and Sam Campbell was walking boss for Peter McLaren.

FIRE

There is the well-documented fire at Vennachar in 1903 and a few references from other sources, but we have been unable to discover that any single great forest fire ever swept the northern townships of Frontenac and Addington in pioneer days.

The fires of Northern Ontario, such as that at Timmins in 1911, when the crown fire runs before the wind far ahead of the ground fire and the spires of the big spruces explode in the yellow smoke, have not had counterparts here in recorded time. There are no stories of people huddling on rafts and floundering in marshes while flames jumped rivers and small lakes and many died.

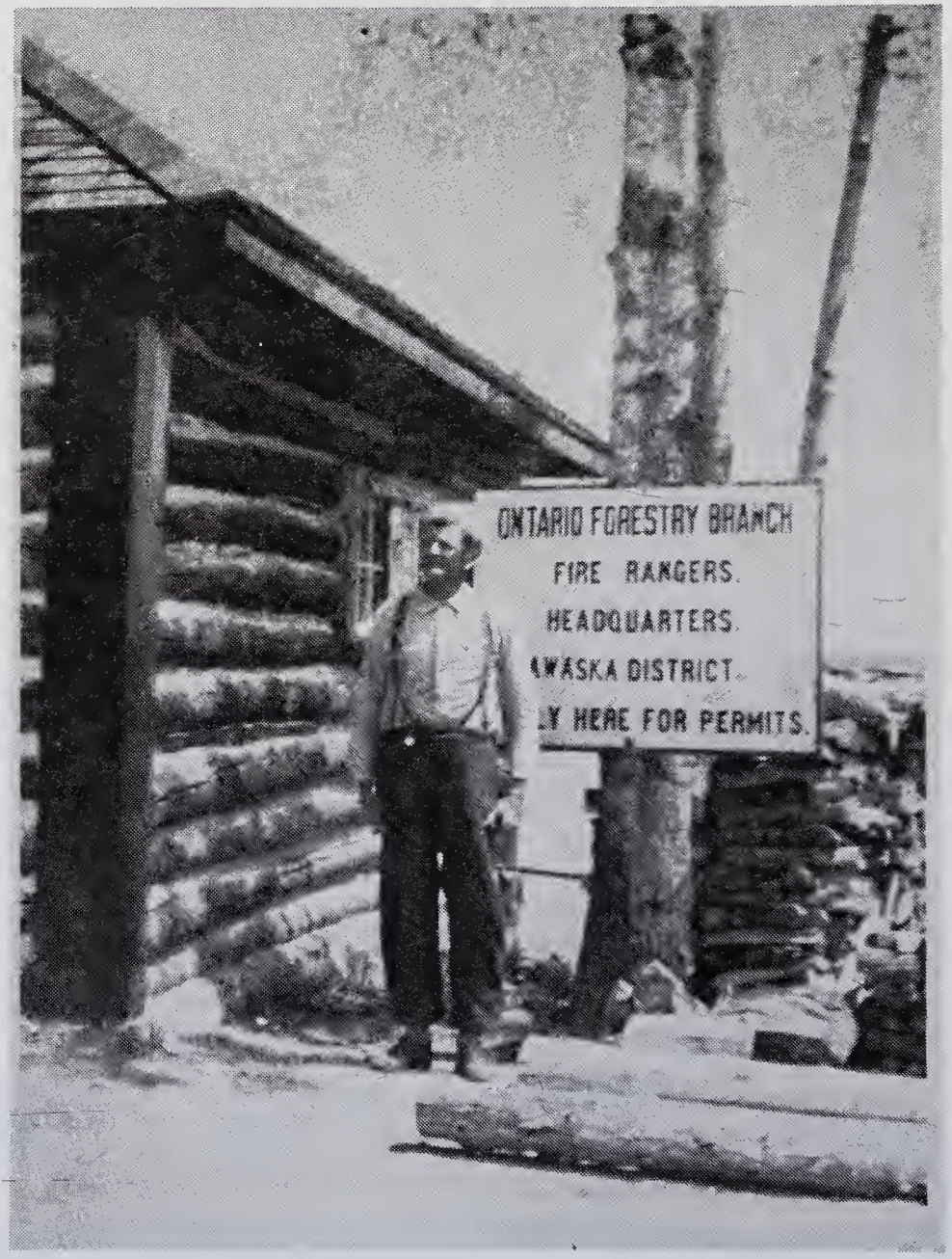
Yet the country burned. There are big, charred stumps around Ashby Lake, on the east and on the west shores of Mazinaw and back in the bush. They are seen around the north-west bay of Mississagagon, north of Skootamatta and along the valley of Partridge Creek. A great many of the blackened and rotted stumps have fairly uniform tops, possibly indicating that the trees had been cut before the fire went through.

We know that slash burned here. The tangled mess left behind by the lumbering companies caught fire year after year and burned almost unrestrained in sweeping walls of flame which have been described in some cases as a raging front twelve feet high.

There must have been great fires several hundred years ago when the pine forests were being established. The great trees were sound

and quite close together and the floor of the forest is described as being clean and open when the axes came. Really ancient forests are tangled jungles. According to some knowledgeable people, this forest may have had a life-span of four hundred years.

Because of the erosion of the soil, depletion of the soil, exposure of the rock and lack of funds for extensive restoration work, this part of the country may never have a big forest again.



Andrew Kerr, Early Forest Ranger

MONSTER

After a careful search though the memories of early settlers' families, having asked John Bey Jr. and having checked out books about lumbering on the Mississippi, it seems that we can find no legend of a monster in the Mazinaw. No river-driver wrote a song; no stories were told.

We therefore tend to the conclusion that the creature was born and grew up with the tourists.

The closest we have come is a story told thirty years ago by Andrew Kerr of Denbigh. When he was a boy, his family used to go out front twice a year by wagon. Andy would probably be around ninety by now if he were living, so we are talking about before the turn of the century. They used to stop at what we know as the Tapping place and ate their noon meal on the shore of Tapping's Bay. Highway 41 cut off the west end of the bay, but remnants of the old road can still be seen curving around the old shoreline.

The children were jumping from rock to rock in the shallow water when Andrew saw an enormous fish come swimming in among the rocks. Too many years had gone by by the time he told me the story. He guessed it could have been a sturgeon, but it was only a guess.

Maybe six feet long, thick and mossy and old, moving slowly; it was not familiar to the Kerrs. But this was no dragon; it was fish, albeit a big one, perhaps topping one hundred pounds.

There are recent reports of strange and terrifying things in the water. Mazinaw is about 475 feet at its deepest point. Below this floor of glacial dump, the rock canyon itself goes deeper. Who are we to deny the possibility of some strange creature rising out of the depths, through his own secret passageways around the Rock, to seek his peers.

SNAKES

The snake population here today includes the brown banded watersnake, seldom seen up to four feet long and usually much shorter; the garter snake; the shy and pretty little green snake; the miniature pale brown snake with rows of dots down his sides; the small, dark brown snake that is orange underneath — and the milk snake. All are harmless. All are beneficial in that they live on insects and rodents, although the watersnake eats small fish and frogs.

Of these, two long ago acquired undeserved bad reputations. The little "copper snake" was supposed to be poisonous, although he has no fangs and the milk snake was commonly called the "spotted adder". This may have been because of some general resemblance to the adder of northern Europe which is poisonous or to the copperhead which does not live in Ontario.

Among older residents, however, there are those who remember from their own experiences or those of their parents and grandparents, certain kinds of snakes which do not seem to be around any more. The big black snakes described by old river-drivers may not have been the common blacksnake. When four or five men insist that these snakes were deep black and very thick and six feet long, it is possible to suppose that the pilot or mountain blacksnake may have once been this far north. He still survives in the limestones of the Rideau Lakes and here and there north of the St. Lawrence.

Dr. Ditmars, who was one of the world's great authorities on snakes gives a recorded length of eight feet, six inches for the Pilot Blacksnake in Upper New York State. There are also horrendous stories of giant snakes once seen in Prince Edward County and along the Trent.

Several older residents have mentioned the "hardwood rattler", which was a common name for the foxsnake and there was something else around which was locally called the "hissing adder" or "puff adder". What it may have been is anybody's guess, perhaps the hog-nosed snake.

Certainly snakes were more plentiful long ago. Andrew Armstrong told of the watersnakes and blacksnakes at Ardoch when he drove the Mississippi. There was a depot at Ardoch with sleeping quarters and bunks. The snakes were both chilly and friendly down that way because they used to crawl in and sleep with the river drivers. When the unwelcome bedfellow was discovered, the occupant of the bunk departed in a hurry with or without his clothes. A man in his eighties tells of being sent, as a boy, to gather minnows for bait. He tried four places around the dam before he found one free of snakes.

Snakes in ice-houses were also a problem. They liked to hibernate in the saw-dust and were sometimes dug out by the dozen.

No one claims to have actually seen a rolling hoop snake or the snake with a poisonous sting on the end of its tail, but they were earnestly discussed around campfires. These creatures were probably imported in the imaginations of the U. E. Loyalists who were familiar with the Mud Snakes of their former homes. The Mud Snake often lies in a large, single loop and he has a sharply pointed scale on the end of his tail. It has been solemly stated that if he drives this poisoned spine into a tree, the tree will die. Then there were the snakes which stretched along the limbs of trees and looped down to have a look at the passers-by.

I, myself, have seen an enormously large blacksnake along a rocky watercourse north of No. 7. Just where he lives is a secret between him and me.

TALES FROM THE HISTORY OF FLINTON

By Wilfrid Laurier Lessard

Up to the time of the coming of the white man to Kaladar and Anglesea townships, there was an early Indian population, a segment of Mohawks from the Iroquois group in sparse, detached encampments located in the vicinity of natural, cold-water springs. The largest encampment was located at the site of what is now Flinton, astride the Skootamatta River, and its burying grounds where the Roman Catholic Church and Presbytery now stand. The interesting anomaly of the occasional white Indian amongst them was noticeable. In the vicinity of these cold-water springs are found Indian Artifacts of flintstone, spears, arrowheads, tomahawks and pieces of clay pottery. A notable discovery, in which the writer as a boy participated, was a clay pot with a scrolled triangular neck, the base altered black and inside of which were specks of white metal which strongly suggested it was a crucible. It was sold to the Ross McCord Museum, Montreal, for a handsome consideration.

The arrival of the white man in numbers had a terrifice impact of the Indian population, which dissipated and vanished. The Skootamatta Indian Trail had an historic part in the development of Kaladar and Anglesea as it was the only access by land prior to the building of the Addington Road. It was said to be wide enough to drive a yoke of oxen. It followed navigable water courses.

In those days, the trombeau or wooden cart was in use. The vehicle, ox-drawn, was all of wood and designed to circumvent the logs and

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Karterfeldt

boulders of the trail. Its wheels, five feet in diameter, were sawed off the end of the butt of a large oak tree. The bearing was made to fit a twelve-inch axle. The thickness of the wheel was also twelve inches.

Owing to the ease of wear of the wooden hub, constant lubrication was required. Tallow and castor oil or beaver oil was boiled up and used for this purpose. If allowed to run dry, it was said the screeching noise of the bearing could be heard for a mile and it could easily catch fire when the hubs of the trombeau would be completely ruined.

It should be emphasized that these very early settlers had only squatter's rights to the land they lived on and were in the process of clearing. One cannot fully comprehend the endurance and sufferings of these first ones. The French-Canadian influx was, in a large measure, due to lumbering, although they also settled on the land. English, Scottish, Irish, Dutch, German and Welsh also arrived, some of them United Empire Loyalists. Some of them went into the lumbering. Many stayed with the land.

Later there was a strong indication of a selective immigration policy, notably among the English, Danish and Germans. The Flinton area acquired a doctor, an architect, a surveyor, accountants, millers and an expert gun and powder maker. There were also skilled tradesmen, many of whom were unable to adapt to pioneer life and left to seek better opportunities in fields afar.

Triffle Goyette may have been the first settler, arriving some time in the 1840's. He lived about three miles south of Flinton beside the famous spring with the hollow-log trough installed by the Indians. He lived in a log-lined earth cave with a stone hearth. He tanned deer skins with hair on for clothing and made his moccasins of the same

material. It is said that he kept a pack of trained timber wolves to guard his home and to help him in his hunting. In his later years, a white boy known only as Joe came to live with him. He was killed in one of his deadfalls used to catch deer, bear and wolves.

Other early settlers in the district were Francis Desilets, who was a carpenter and cabinet-maker. The house he built with lumber hand-sawn from logs and hand-dressed, still stands south of the Stuart Hotel in Flinton. The coffins he made were painted with paint he made himself and were lined with woollen fabrics made on a loom by his wife. Joe Dafoe, whose accent proclaimed him to be of French-Canadian extraction, was a potash-maker. He used to hand-haul a 200-pound barrel of potash on a hand-made wooden sled called a "jumper" to market in Belleville by way of the Indian Trail, returning with provisions which included a barrel of whiskey. Matt Ruttan, who for a short period of time held the posts of road superintendent and tavern inspector at a salary of $5.00 per year, settled with his wife at the corner where the present road to Flinton turns off No. 41. He lived to be at least 100 years old and buried in the family cemetery on the farm. In the 1850's, Thomas Hornick arrived, also Moses Lessard, Charles Brocher and John Bryden.

Clayton Bosley and Earl Roy

Farming in the Flinton area was first carried on by tilling the soil with spade and hand-rake. Oxen were used as land-clearing progressed. The seeding was done by hand. The land cleared was fertile and productive at first. In time, the humus accumulated over

the centuries, was used up and the sand flats remained. Rye and oats and hill corn were grown and harvested with sickles, hand cradles and scythes. The grain was thrashed by hand flails. The threshing was done in the frosty atmosphere of the night in winter; the grain was cleaned in hand-turned fanning mills. The corn was hand-husked and stored in cribs. Wheat was ground into flour at Flints' Mills or at Troy. Turnips were extensively grown and stored in root houses. They were readily sold in the shanty camps as food for oxen and men. Home grown tobacco called shag also found a quick market in the camps.

Sheep were raised in large numbers around Flinton, but the wolf population was large and this made sheep-raising a hazardous economic gamble. It was said that one Charles Grant, living on the outskirts of Flinton, having lost a flock of sheep, found them in the morning in the upstairs of a haunted, vacant house, secure from the ravaging wolves. Soon came the problem of the stray dogs running in packs to menace the sheep. The need for good tight fences also helped to lead to the gradual abandonment of sheep raising. The cattle raised were of no particular breed. As the horse supplanted the oxen, a breed known as the Suffolk Punch was imported in some numbers from England.

Billa Flint's Ox Barn, Flinton

An early German settler named Hans Karterfeldt settled about five miles south of the village of Flinton on the old Indian Trail. He was an expert gunsmith and maker of muzzle-loading muskets. He also made gun and blasting powder, small shot, buckshot and musket balls. The barrels of the guns he made were moulded by him from his own gun

metal, an alloy of copper and tin. The hammers were made of another alloy, the constituents of which he would not divulge. The woodwork, butt and forearm he made of local oak with leather breast plate. The charge was detonated by flintlock sparks. The gunpowder and blasting powder he made from a formula of charcoal sulphur and saltpetre. The secret of the ratio was never divulged, although it was known that the charcoal was especially made from the local tag alder. The gunpowder was necessarily fine-grained while the blasting powder was coarse for more shock effect. It had a ready market for blasting log jams in the log drives and stump blasting in the land clearing.

The shot and balls he made from molten lead, the shot by pouring and dropping the hot molten lead into a tank of water from varying heights. The balls he poured in moulds.

The powder horns he made from the horns of cattle and oxen. The ox horns were more in demand because of the size. The shot was carried in a buckskin shot-bag with a spout made of bone.

After the destruction of his arsenal by fire, Karterfeldt left to seek greater opportunities elsewhere.

In 1885, the year of the regional smallpox epidemic, Andy Wilson, a settler from Ireland, who lived about three miles north-west of Flinton and who was immune to smallpox by reason of having had it, was recruited to help care for people taken down with it in the village of Stoco. He brought his contaminated clothing home to be washed, with the result that his wife and five children caught the disease and died. They were quickly buried on the family farm.

The epidemic was contained in Flinton to this single occurrence.

TO THE PIONEERS

Who do you figure built this cabin
Way back when, in the pioneer days?
What kind of man cut and squared this timber?
Must have been bigger than men nowadays.
Timber, tall timber,
Hard to the axe and heavy to the hand;
Timber, tall timber,
Break a man's body to clear this land.

Who was the woman lived in this cabin?
How did she feel when it started to snow,
Feeling the winter closing 'round her?
Must have been braver than women I know.
Timber, tall timber,
Hard to the axe and heavy to the hand
Timber, tall timber,
Break a woman's heart to work this land.

Where are the children born in this cabin?
There where the lilacs stand a-row.
Guess there is nobody left of this family;
Guess it all happened a long time ago.

Barbara Lester.

NOTES ON HARLOWE

Contributed by Tom Neal, Reeve of Barrie Township, with assistance from Cassie Huffman, Ralph Thompson, Miller Black and Don Perry

From the village of Harlowe today, five roads fan out. The main road to Hwy. 41, which was only completed in 1955; the hilly sand road north to Myer's Cave; the road east to Gull Lake and beyond; the Arden Road, going south and "the old road to Harlowe" meandering in a long diagonal north-west direction through almost deserted bushland to No. 41. This was once a horse-trail, then usable for automobiles. It is now impassable in wet weather at the flats. Along the flats, the beaver, in their increasing numbers, have helped with the flooding. The old corduroy is rotted away. Travelling four of these roads, excluding the "new" one, the traveller sees that this part of the country once supported a much larger population. Sagging, empty barns, some of them made of logs, grown-up fields, boarded-up

houses and everywhere the lilacs, orange lilies and pink cabbage roses run wild. With the lumbering , Harlowe grew, and with the end of it, it would seem that few new people arrived.

Before the middle of the last century, the stands of big timber which the hunter, the trapper and the trader had known so well, were being looked at by the businessman and the government of Upper Canada. Over vast timber limits, the cutting began. It provided work for the young men, and it made the great adventure of the lumberjack and the river-driver, part of history.

Around Harlowe, Rathbuns were the last big outfit to take out the timber. Small jobbers came later as the lumbering business dwindled out.

Many men worked in the camps, but everyone farmed. After the pine was cut and the stumps were blasted, burned or pulled (there are still a few of the heavy old stump-pullers around) it was apparent that there were fair-sized areas of good soil to be cultivated. Wheat, corn and other field crops were grown. Each farmer grew vegetables: turnips, pumpkins, etc., both for his own household and for sale to the camps.

There was a time in the earliest days when a cow was a very precious possession; a yoke of oxen made heavy hauling possible. Then more cattle were brought in and horses began to replace the oxen. At one time, there were large flocks of sheep.

Wool was a very important commodity. It was cleaned, washed and spun into yarn. There doesn't seem to have been any weaving, but the yarn was knitted into socks, mittens, caps and even underwear. Sometimes a single black sheep was kept and a dark strand was spun into the yellowish-white wool, giving a modelled effect. The bright toques and sashes of the French-Canadian lumberjacks who came up from Quebec were admired. After the first grim days, after there were stores and red woolen material was sold in great quantities, long red woolen underwear was in great demand. Sheep-raising was gradually given up because of losses to wolves, bears and half-wild dogs.

At first, manufactured articles and other needed supplies had to come in from Napanee or other towns out front. There are people still living in Harlowe who remember stories of parents and grandparents who walked out and packed sugar, tea, yard goods and other necessities home on their backs. Lumber companies built winter roads to get out the logs and their cadge roads cross-crossed the country, heading for the camps. Along the roads, tough teamsters cursed and coaxed heavy teams to drag in the supplies before winter. The way of the settler was rough indeed before the colonization roads. Potash, which was one of the few ways of obtaining reading cash, was packed in big barrels which were sometimes skidded all the way to Napanee.

The Neals came from England and arrived in the Harlowe area in 1865. The Thompsons, who were from Ireland, came in the early 1860's. Clifford, Whiteman, Cole, Black, Delyea, Bishop, Ban Alstyne are old and well-known names around Harlowe. John Mitchell lived where Aragain Lodge now stands and the Curtis farm was on a hill west of the road to Myer's Cave.

The first store in Harlowe was probably owned by John Hillier. After him, the Critchley's had a store and post office in the same place, on the north-west corner of the four corners of the village. Will Black had a blacksmith shop on the Tom Whiteman farm. At the Whiteman's there is also an old root-house with a stone front built into a hill. Many farms had root-houses, but one this big was not common. There were at least three cheese factories, all of which burned down. One of them was on the road out toward Gull Lake.

Evidences of Indian camps are found on Long Lake north of Harlowe. The Don Perrys have a collection of stone tools dug up on their property.

The township of Barrie in which Harlowe is situated became a corporation June 28, 1867, just shortly before Confederation. Its first school was S.S. No. 4, a log building put up on the Pipe property.

When interest in minerals started up at the turn of the century, a considerable amount of prospecting was done around Harlowe. Traces of gold were found in many places, but never enough to make mining profitable. Copper and lead minerals were discovered, a little zinc and some silver ores. No native silver was found. In one place on the old road there were traces of platinum minerals.

An interesting version of Myer's Cave is told in Harlowe. There is a cave in the old marbles whose entrance faces the south-east. Silver stalactites hang from its roof and as dawn comes up, the silver icicles shine in the morning sun.

Young Johnny Bey and Friends (on left)

JOHNNY BEY OF BEYS POINT

Information from John Bey Jr. and Others

He sat across the kitchen table from us and drank a cup of tea and talked a little about old times remembered and the things people used to do. This was John Bey, son of the legendary Johnny Bey, who built his cabin on the lower Mazinaw so long ago. His son, now a member of the St. Regis longhouse, sat beside him helping to make our questions clear, for the old man was very deaf. We asked him things he recalled about his father.

The place where their cabin stood can still be found in the scrub maples of the old clearing on land now owned by Harry Levere, a little south-east of the first road allowance above the foot of Mazinaw. The few remaining timbers are scorched by fire. Johnny Bey's wife died in that fire. She was unable to get around by herself very well and she was alone in the cabin when the fire started.

The Beys told us, first of all, that the name should be spelled "Bay", but we have, in this story, stayed with the spelling used by Bey Mines Ltd., a gold mine which he discovered shortly after the

turn of the century. It is also known as the Ore Chimney, and has been closed for many years.

They came up the Mississippi chain of lakes and rivers from St. Regis reserve near Cornwall. Their forebearers had come over from the colonies after the American Revolution with Sir John Johnson and were given the reserve near St. Regis. In time they spread out from there.

The grandson said the family was interested in coming here because of an offer by the Canadian Government. Apparently, the Mohawks on the St. Lawrence were offered a large area of land over toward Effingham and Weslemkoon Lakes if twenty-four families would agree to settle there. Only five families wanted to come, so the project was dropped. Johnny Bey had come to look at the district and having seen the Mazinaw, decided to stay. His large family grew up and went to school here, but most of them found their future elsewhere. None of the family lives here now.

There were five girls and four boys. Tillie married Bill Schwager and they made their home on the point not far from her parents. The other girls, Lotta, Mary, Kate and Annie married and moved away. The four boys, John, Charlie, Wilfred and Pete were adept at all the Indian skills and crafts. The local young bloods used to go trapping with them and camping far up the lake and surrounding country.

John and Wilfred were excellent fiddlers and much in demand to play at dances. Johnny Bey, Sr., was very good with a fiddle himself. There are those who say they can still hear the sound of his fiddle drifting on the evening breeze in the quiet summer twilight on the point. John Jr. served with distinction in the first world war and is now living at Smiths Falls.

Johnny Bey is best remembered as the man who discovered the Ore Chimney gold mine, which was later named for him. He is also credited with the discovery of the Big Dipper on the north shore of Mississagagon. Both were disappointments. Never-the-less, he knew a great deal about the mineral-bearing rocks of the district.

Older people recall their parents' tales of Johnny Bey driving along the sand roads with his horses and creaking wagon. He made and sold beautiful baskets in several sizes. He was said to use white ash, split into thin strips and soaked in water before weaving. His sturdy clothes baskets were much in demand among local housewives. He was also a very good fisherman and usually had a supply of fresh fish for his customers. One of his regular stops was at the Levi Sniders. On his way home he always dropped in for his favourite drink, which was a teaspoonful of powdered ginger in a dipper of water.

In addition to the team of horses, Johnny Bey kept some stock. He used to cut marsh hay at Wolfe Lake and draw it home in the winter

for feed. The Beys raised a few crops in addition to their hunting, fishing and trapping activities. The lilac bushes which once grew by the front door have still survived in a small clump by the charred foundation. They were a hard-working family and made axe-handles, paddles and beautiful birch bark canoes.

Johnny Bey's canoes were famous. His son told how he made them. Silver birch trees of the size needed to make canoe are a rarity these days. When the tree was chosen, one long straight deep cut was made lengthwise and the bark carefully peeled off. The cut went through to the heart wood, so the bark was fairly thick. When it was cleaned and trimmed, it was sewn together bow and stern with small tamarack roots. Johnny Beys' canoes did not have the high upcurve that was part of some canoe designs. When the sewing was finished and sealed with pitch or gum, the shape was filled with water. Two or three of the family would then get in and tramp the canoe roughly into the desired curves. The inside was lined with thin cedar and cedar was used for other reinforcing.

There were two of these canoes at Bon Echo. John Bey Jr. said his father sold them to Mrs. Denison for $100 each. Whether or not it was one made by Johnny Bey, there was a birch bark canoe at Bon Echo when Mike Schwager looked after things there not all that many years ago.

The Beys had friends at Ardoch. The Whiteducks, Zebediah and Muchawan Whiteduck were skilled lumberjacks and were known up and down the river. Muchawan was a foreman for the Canada Lumber Company and the sand flats back of Campbell Bay around Campbell Lake are still called Muchawan flats.

Johnny Bey predeceased his wife and was buried at Flinton.

THE METHODIST [UNITED] CHURCH AT HARLOWE

By Mrs. John Huffman

The Methodist Church at Harlowe (known as the United Church since church union), was built about one hundred years ago on land purchased from Elizabeth Van Alstine, who resided where George Cuddy now lives. The name of the main carpenter is not known but several men of the community, who felt the need of a place of worship, helped in the erection of the church. It has been recalled that Mr. Joel Thompson constructed the belfry and Mr. John Thompson built one pulpit which didn't prove satisfactory so a second one was built by him which is in the church today. He also built the railing on the platform. Of course, these two men assisted elsewhere in the building.

One of the drive sheds was put up at the same time as the church but it didn't provide enough room for the horses and conveyances which were the only means of transportation in those days. In 1905 Reverend Higgs constructed another shed with a hall overhead where suppers and Christmas concerts were held. It was heated by a huge wood box stove, which stood in the centre of the room, but it is recalled that it was mighty cold around the edges.

Beside the steps going up to the hall, an ice house was built and ice put in, in the winter, to furnish ice for ice cream, lemonade, etc., for the picnics which were held in the summer and for which large crowds gathered.

At the other end of the shed was a very nice, clean outside privy with one seat with two holes for adults and a low seat and smaller hole for children.

The ladies of the community collected money and bought the smaller hole for children.

In those early days of the church's history there were large turnouts to services and one had to arrive early to be assured of a seat. Often extra chairs were brought in. During the years the organists have been Miss Sadie Scott (later Mrs. Wise), Mrs. Wesley Good and Mrs. William Hill.

A number of years ago the sheds were exchanged with George Cuddy for the land for the new cemetery. Some time later the new siding was put on and the interior was re-varnished.

There were two huge elm trees standing on the church lawn. One has blown down, but the other remains and it is estimated that it is at least two hundred years old.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE MINE

Information from Wilfrid Laurier Lessard

Late in November 1881, Lawrence Roluff, a resident of Kaladar Township was deer-hunting, east of Flinton, north of the road by about one mile. By the upturned roots of a tree, he noticed an out-cropping containing quartz splashed with some yellow material. He wasn't sure what it was, so he broke off a piece and put it in his knapsack. When he returned home, he put the piece of rock on a window sill and forgot about it.

The story goes that Elias Lloyd, a friend and neighbour, saw the sample and wanted to investigate further, but Roluff wasn't interested in mining. He did, however, tell many people that he had found gold and had aroused considerable excitement. A certain Jack Guina who had apparently had some experience in gold mining elsewhere succeeded in getting his claim to Roluff's find recognized. Elias Lloyd, who had been applying for the claim by mail, was too late.

With abiding faith in his gold property, Jack Guina tried to gather together a group to promote the mine which was named the Golden Fleece. Some of the names connected with this first syndicate were Fred Burrows, Alpheus Wickware, Jane Williams, Dr. Peroy, Father Staunton, a lawyer named Preston and a forgotten land surveyor and a geologist.

Two pits were opened up on the discovery, one fifty feet deep, the other thirty feet. Stripping and trenching was done with negative results. Later, it was found that the work had not been done at the right place. The ore-bearing zone was off to one side of the pits and trenches but this was not realized until much later.

Due to the poor results obtained, work was stopped and many years went by before anything else was done. It is said that the Caldwells of Perth held an option on the property for a short time. They did no development work.

One day a man named Von Schimpfer, who said he had been connected with the Rand gold mines in South Africa, arrived in Flinton. He made his headquarters at the Jones boarding house and took an option on the Golden Fleece. He did considerable exploration work at the mine over a period of five months. At this time he laid the work crew off, but stayed on in Flinton and continued to visit the mine on foot.

On a certain morning he left for the mine as usual but did not return, nor was he seen again. His books and personal belongings were still at the boarding-house. The mystery of his disappearance was never solved.

In the mid-nineties a working lease was given to Taylor and Son of Toronto. They constructed a little mill and, using a mercury amalgamation process, are said to have extracted some gold. When their mill burned, their mining lease was not renewed and the property reverted to its owners.

In 1902 the surviving members of the old syndicate accepted an offer for outright purchase for $12,000 from Gould interests of Baltimore, Maryland. The new owners built a ten-stamp mill, a steam power plant and an assay lab.

The new owners sank a shaft, did considerable work underground and connected ore carriers to the mill by tramways. They constructed necessary buildings and put the mine on a production basis for about one year under the title of the Adelaide Gold Mining Company. Results were not satisfactory and the crew was let go and the mine closed. For a short time a watchman was kept on the property.

For a short time during the next year, Potter Bros. of Brooklyn, N.Y., operated the mill, then ceased.

Now the machinery rusted, the buildings fell into disrepair and looters took what was useful.

In 1916, the Cobalt-Frontenac Mining Company of Elk Lake bought the Golden Fleece. In the meantime, they changed their name to the Rich Rock Gold Mining Company and held other properties in the area. They owned the mine for some years and spent a great deal of money on it. They sank a shaft and did some drifting underground. It was during this period in the early twenties that the Fletchers were financially involved.

In 1932 the Goodrich Gold Mining Syndicate of Toronto tested the mine for a year and quit.

In 1935, Consolidated Smelters obtained controlling interest in the Golden Fleece, changed its name to the Addington Mine, and spent enough money on drilling and exploration to know what they had - a body of low-grade ore in several sheer zones in the old volcanics. So far as is known, Consolidated still holds it.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Spencer Sr.

HEAD OF THE LAKE

By Jemima [Spencer] McGarvey

There was once a small settlement and a mill at Mallory (Mill) Lake. This is the lake north and east of the head of Mazinaw out of which Mallory Creek runs around the shoulder of a mountain to drop down into the Mississippi a short distance above the bridge.

We had a schoolhouse there on the side of Thorn Hill, and the teachers changed quite often. There was Eugene Mellon, Leo Mellon, Mrs. Waterson, Mr. Davidson and Miss Stalker, maybe more.

People began to leave after a while. The mill shut down and the cabins were empty. The old schoolhouse was moved out and is now the drive shed at the Brown Farm. The front part of the farmhouse was moved from Mill Lake as well.

When my mother and dad and the family lived on the farm, my mother kept a kind of Inn, and served meals to men working on the river or travelling through. I can remember she fed as many as fifty at a time, most of whom were loggers.

Sometimes men died in the camps or were killed on the drive and they were brought to our home. They were given some kind of decent burial half a mile south on the shore in front of the field where Indian stone tools and weapons were ploughed up. After a while the shore washed out and the graves washed out. There were a couple of skulls along the water, but I don't remember what became of them.

The bridge had very heavy stone piers in lumbering days, and the east shore just below the bridge was built up with stone to keep the logs from running ashore and to help steer them out into the lake. I remember the last drive when the jobbers were finishing the clean-up of timber left behind by operators like McLaren. There were logs up-river and in the lake as far as I could see.

There were big fires, too. One came up the west shore of Mazinaw and the sparks and burning bits of trees were driven across the bay by the wind. We had to keep a close eye out to see that nothing started to burn on our side. There was another fire which started at Mill Lake, but there wasn't much anybody could do in those days except maybe try to fight it at the creeks and hope for rain.

Farming was hard work. Not much attention was paid to the breeding of cattle. A cow was a cow. They ranged all over the country almost as fast and wild as the deer. It sometimes took man and dog hours to chase them out of the hills to where they could be milked. When the first threshing machines took the place of the flail and the fanning mill, it was powered by horses walking around and around.

We didn't work all the time. There were dances and surprise parties and hay rides and sleigh rides and picnics.

After Bon Echo was owned by the Denisons, groups used to row up from Snider Depot to dance there. The big row-boat was called the Minnie M. and Sheldon Hawley was almost always along with us.

Johnny Bey used to be around quite a lot. He knew so many things about medicines and healing. Once I burned my leg terribly and it didn't want to heal. Johnny treated it with bear's gall steeped and mixed with some other things, and it began to get better in no time at all.

Then there was a kind lady who used to invite me to Sunday dinner. As her usual Sunday dinner was stewed woodchuck with dumplings, I used to worry a lot thinking up good excuses not to go.

Later on, my sister Lee, married George Brown and they stayed on the farm. I married George McGarvey and my brothers Milton and Charles set up homes of their own.

FOLKLORE CONTRIBUTED

Henry Ellis has a horse
He calls it, ''Son''.
He snaps the whip,
But Son can't run
Poor Son ain't et
Since I forget.

And on the way to town
Poor Son fell down
He broke the shaft
And bent the rail
And Henry grabbed him
By the tail.

The tail let go
And Henry tumbled
In the snow.
'Twas Lily helped
To save the day
She grabbed the reins
And they're away.

Now, when they ask
Old Son to go
They drive to town
Real nice and slow.

SHORT STORIES AND LONG TALES

An Ojibway medicine man was standing on the bank of a deep forest stream in springtime wondering how to get across. A white stag came up behind him and poked him with its antlers, ''You going over?''.

''If the Gods permit'', said the medicine man.

''Watch Me''. The white stag stepped off the bank and walked across the water.

''My faith is as great'', said the medicine man. ''If he can do it, I can do it''. He stepped off the bank and promptly sank out of sight.

The white stag shook his antlers regretfully. ''He should have waited. I was going to tell him where the stepping stones are''.

One of my earlier memories is of a rather odd acquaintance of our family. She used to make a visit to our home. Now and again through the summer months, she'd land on our door-step. She was very active until her death in her 90's. I can remember her yet, stepdancing to my brother's guitar and mouthorgan music one June evening in the old farm kitchen, and she was over ninety then.

She was a great visitor and spent a lot of her time going from one acquaintance or neighbour to another. Distance didn't seem to mean anything if she made up her mind to go, either by bush trail or road, and afoot was the way she went.

She and her husband weren't ideally suited in one respect as he was a large slow-moving, slow-walking man. He ruled the household with an iron hand which may have made her more light-footed, I really don't know.

She had a rather unique cure for rheumatism I'd like to pass on to whoever would have the intestinal fortitude to try it.

''You'd ketch a mud turtle and fling him in the swill-barrel. Leave him there until he fattens up, then bile him. Let the 'bile rise, then skim it off and use that to rub on yer jints''. Game to try it anyone?

Charles Spencer tells of his memories at the hotel his father Wilton Spencer Sr. ran at the Head of The Lake from 1873 to 1903.

He and his brother Milton took the team and went down the road to help a friend, Bill Benny. He had been taking a heavy load of supplies to Denbigh and had got stuck on a hill down the road a bit. After helping him up the hill, Milton got on the load with Bill and Charles went ahead with their team.

Just as he crossed the bridge at the Head of the Lake he heard a loud crack and looking back saw the bridge, Bill, Milton, wagon and team going down. He left the team, jumped in a boat and rowed out to help his brother. Bill Benny was hollering at the top of his lungs that he was drowning, but when Charles got there with the boat he was safely atop Milton's shoulders as he was swimming around. He pulled Bill into the boat and Milton swam over and unhooked the poor horses, as only their ears were sticking out of the water.

There were barrels of sugar, horseshoes, etc., on the wagon and as the water wasn't too deep, they managed to salvage all but the sugar. The water had gotten into the barrels and the only thing it could be used for was syrup or taffy.

They also had two rather beligerent billy-goats at the hotel. One, the boys used to haul over to the bridge by the chin-whiskers and horns and throw off the bridge, then run like sixty for the house and climb up on the roof for safety.

Mr. Spencer sold them to the Lutheran minister in Denbigh to keep the churchyard cropped clean. One billygoat couldn't stand to see a door or fence he couldn't batter down, so lo and behold, Sunday morning found the church door butted in and Billy up in the pulpit. I wonder it he had a suitable sermon prepared.

Another local resident tells of her school days at the little old log schoolhouse on the Loon Lake road. She said that though her Dad was a shoemaker, the leather had to be used for shoes and boots for sale. She and the rest of the younger fry had to go barefoot from early spring until late fall. Going to school on frosty mornings her feet would get so cold her brother would take off his cap and let her stand in it until her feet would get warm, then they would run on until they would get cold again.

Instead of a dunce-stool, one teacher made her stand on the school box-stove after some mischief she'd been in. There was no fire in the stove, it being a warm day. They used it though to put scrap papers in, and one local boy with a queer sense of humour hitched his seat around until he could light the papers without being seen. She said the teacher soon got her off there when the stove began to get hot and the boy took her place as dunce for the rest of the day.

Fred Scott, a former member of the community, tells of two narrow escapes he had while river driving in his younger days.

"I was at Bruceton on the Madawaska and took a log to go to a jam. The flats were flooded. Before I got to the jam, a big log hit the end of the one I was on and threw me into the water. The current took me to the jam and a fellow, Archie McCoy, pulled me out just as the big log struck. It would have hit me in the shoulder blades and I would have

went under the jam. The hemlock and baswood logs were going under the jam, lifting the cedar so the jam was down to the bottom. I would have been done for.

The other time, we were putting the last of the drive out in the Madawaska River, and we had to cross on the last logs so as to be on the right side of the creek for the path to camp. So many running across had the logs bobbing, so I fell in. The current was taking me out in the river. Harry McCoy, the foreman, was one one log, his pike-pole in the one I hung onto. Allen Beaudry was on another log. His pike-pole was in Harry's log, and a man on shore was holding Beaudry's log to pull me to shore. Had they not been as good river drivers as they were, I would have went down Snake Rapids. They are six miles long with chutes where no boat could run, so I would have been drowned that time.

THE BIG TURTLE

By Fred Scott

As a young man, I made many trips down Snake Creek and up and down the Madawaska River. There is a bay that runs back in the hills from the river. An old neighbour lady wanted to go to the settlement behind this bay, and my father sent me up there to take her. I was to pick up and bring home a bag of traps he had left near the landing in the bay. We were coming near the landing when I looked across the bay and said to the woman,"Does that old stump look like a turtle to you?". She said, "There never was one that size". I said, "I know it's a big stump, but I will go and get the traps now". All at once the big stump turned sidewise and sank. There had been a lot of cedar cut along the bank and all the brush was in the water. You would think that some big powerful machine was turning it over in the water. She got scared and yelled to me to make it to the landing for fear it would upset the boat. I made for shore, not at the landing, the closest point. When we came back, I went to the shore to get the traps. I saw the two cedar logs that it was perched on. I do not know how much was over the other log. I am satisfied the thing would weigh between seven or eight hundred pounds. Its neck was about three feet long and about fourteen inches in diameter. Some time before, there was a serpent reported to have been seen, but I am of the opinion that it was this turtle with its head out of water. No one around here would believe me, but I know, and so did Mrs. Carlton know it was true. I do not know if anyone else ever saw it or not. I had the rifle with me and could have shot it, but it was so big I never could believe what it was until it was gone, but I do not suppose half a dozen shots would have killed it.

Once when on the drive, they had put the stop logs in the dam and only put the chains through the holes in the lower drop. There was a head of nine feet of water, ice floating on the water, and four inches of water running over the drops. I went under and put the chains from

the lower chain to the windlass. I had to make three trips under to complete the job, and it took me nearly three hours to get warmed up after I was through. Jim Pennock was there at the time and he called me down good for doing such a thing.

They were camped miles in the bush in the snow. Their ammunition was gone. They were getting hungry and dreaming of rabbit stew. The bush was full of rabbits, but no way could they catch any. All they had left was a bag of cabbages. One of the party built up the camp-fire, dumped out the cabbages and placed them in a ring around the fire. As time passed and the snow around the fire melted, a rabbit came out of the bush and began to nibble on a cabbage, then another, and another, until several bunnies were sitting nibbling at the cabbages. The fire died down and the melted snow began to freeze and the bunnies nibbled on. When their feet were firmly frozen in the ice, it wasn't long before rabbit stew was bubbling on the built-up fire.

A husky young stranger arrived to join a crew of loggers at Ardoch. A newcomer was always subjected to much bragging and some abuse. He was told about the great pine logs taken out of the country, of the thousands of prime deer running around and of the fighting prowess of the river men. A brawl developed during which the young stranger threw two of them into the water, including the foreman. He stood back and looked at them.

"I'll have you know that I come from British Columbia where the trees are eight feet through and so thick you can't see daylight through them. The deer have antlers six feet across and the men can look after themselves."

The foreman, who had crawled out of the river on to the boom, was indignant. "If them trees are so big and thick, how can them deer with the big antlers run through them? They'd get stuck. It don't make sense."

"Well, now", said the young man from B.C., "I reckon they had to learn to pull in their horns, just like you did!".

In the days when old Tom kept the sheep, the timber wolves were big and bold and the bears were fierce and hungry. Also, every time his forty sheep huddled under the big trees in a storm, the chain lightning came straight down after them, until, between the wolves and the bears and the lightning, old Tom had only 35 sheep and then only 30. He didn't much like the taste of lightning-struck mutton and what the wolves and the bears dragged away, he couldn't find a piece big enough to boil. So, olf Tom got himself some good stout oak and he made himself a dozen three-pronged pitchforks and he painted them dark blue. Then he took a pocketful of pieces of magnetic rock and he put them in a circle around his sheep and he waited for the

lightning. When it came stabbing after his sheep again, the down-ends turned to the magnetic rock and he pegged them to the ground with his dark blue oak pitchforks and he made himself an electric fence. When he was 110 and didn't keep sheep no more, old Tom let the lightning go. When the lightning snapped back into the clouds again, the storms were something fierce and the people of the hills saw that the forked lightning was the worst of all because it had been made to behave for so long.

A hunter was on his way home, empty-handed, with only one bullet left for his rifle.

Beside the trail he saw five partridges sitting on the stubby limb of a tree.

His one bullet would tear a single bird to pieces and besides, he longed for all five of them.

The answer was clear to an experienced man. He moved opposite the outer end of the limb, took careful aim, fired and split the limb lengthwise.

It promptly snapped back into place, clamping partridges feet fast and he was able to pick them off the branch with no problem.

Two fishermen went out one evening on the lake in a boat. They had a lighted lantern in the boat and unfortunately, when they hooked a big fish it knocked the lantern overboard and spitting the hook, it followed the lantern into the water. The next year the two fishermen went back to the same spot and to their amazement saw a glow at the bottom of the lake. It was the lantern still burning. While they were wondering how that could happen, the big fish popped its head up beside the boat and said, "It's no miracle. I kept it going so I could see my way around that hook."

I REMEMBER

By Henry Shaw

My name is Henry Shaw. I was born in 1893 in Oso and then we moved to Matawachan. My dad located a lot on the Madawaska and we lived in the Leach's house there. My mother took sick the fall we came. I was a year old when my mother died. We lived on there for a while. Don Ferguson took me in the spring when I was a year and a half old. The Fergusons raised me.

Don Ferguson was working on a lot he had taken up. He used to chop an acre or two and clean up the ground. There was no lumbering going on and no place to sell logs, so they were piled up and burned. People helped each other. They traded work back and forth. A bunch

came together at a place and, when the work was over, such as a logging bee, they'd have a party, a corn-husking or a dance or something. That's the way we did it in those days.

When I was twenty years old, I went to this camp where there was a sawmill. I started cutting tail for a while, then I began cutting roads. I was paid twenty dollars a month. When the job was done, I came back to the Fergusons. When I was twenty-one, I got married and went on my own.

I worked in the pit at the Black Donald Mine for one winter. The Black Donald is near Calabogie and they were mining graphite or black lead. When the mine shut down, I went to Matawachan where I worked for Charles Strong, a farmer, for two and one-half years. After that, I trapped one winter at Copeland Lake near Denbigh. I trapped beaver and then went to Plevna in the spring. We stayed in Plevna quite a while until we were burnt out.

After that, I went to Bowmanville to work for the railway for three weeks, then I went prospecting for mica. I worked at a mica mine for the summer and fall and then went back to the Black Donald where I stayed for three and one-half years. At the end of that time. I moved back to Matawachan where I bought a lot and built a house. For a year and a half I stayed at Matawachan and then went to work in a sawmill at Hartsmere. We moved up there and I stayed three and a half years. Later I bought a lot and built a house at Vennachar. After a time, I sold this house and moved to Northbrook, where I have been ever since.

When young, I learned how to gather herbs and make medicines for colds and other diseases and troubles. Chokecherry bark is good for coughs and colds. You peel the bark, steep it and use one teaspoonful in a cup of water.

For cuts, we put on pine pitch. For sore mouth or sore throat, we used goldthread, which is a little gold-coloured root you find around swamps. This was also considered a tonic and good for the system.

My wife and I used to make soft soap and hard soap. Boil up old bones and grease, add lye leached from ashes, add water, draw off and stir. After a while, it gets thick and you have soft soap. For hard soap, add salt. This makes the mixture cake on top and then you can cut it out in bars.

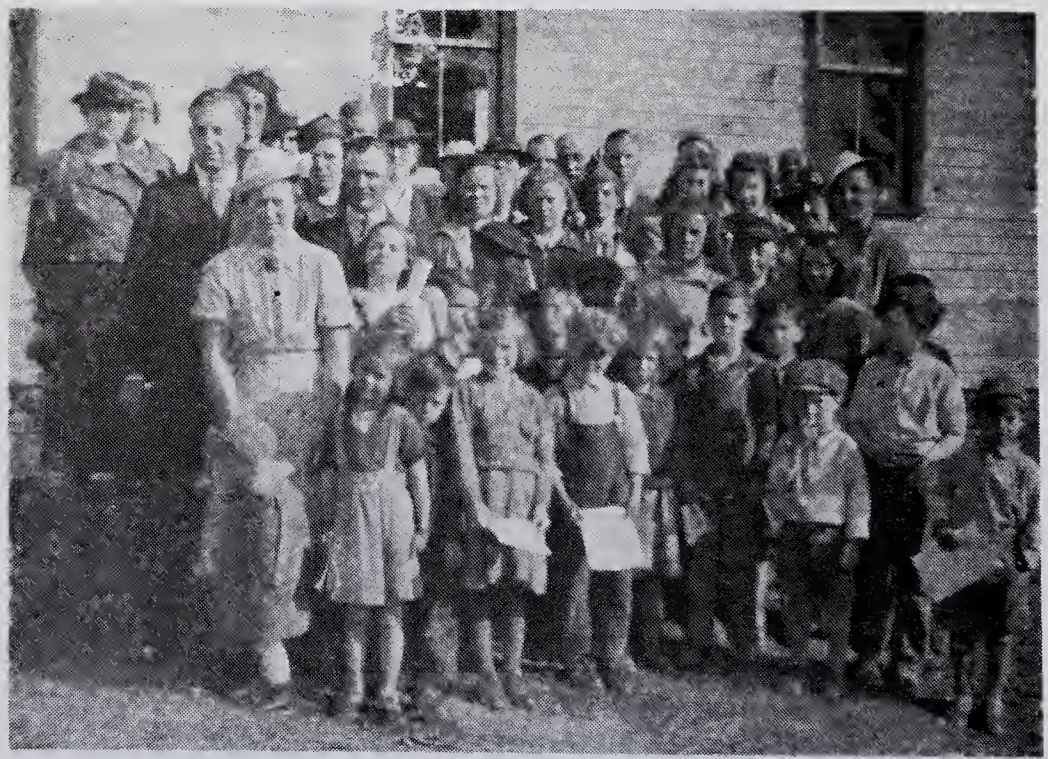
One spring I drove the Madawaska down to Arnprior. We had to learn to run on top of the logs sometimes. We had boats to pull the rafts and we camped along the river, moving camp each day. I was paid twenty-six dollars a month. In those days, flour was $2.50 a hundred, potatoes were 50 cents a bag, beef was 10 cents a pound for the front quarter and 12 cents a pound for the hind quarter. Farmers paid one dollar a day for help.

A long time ago, my Uncle Babcock, my mother's brother, designed a rail-chair for putting rails together. There was no money for patents, but eventually Bill Wilson got it patented under the name of the Babcock Tie. My uncle wanted more money than was offered for it and he eventually lost his rights to the design.

One year at Vennachar, I bought horsehides for two dollars a hide and made snowshoes. I sold thirteen pair for eight dollars a pair and along with some trapping, we got through the winter. I also worked for a man at Matawachan at a mill run by water. He had an old upright saw and after he had set a big pine log sawing, he would go home for dinner and find the saw still cutting when he got back.

I remember when I was quite young going to the Denbigh Grist Mill. When we had no money, they took out some of the grain to pay for the grinding. We got flour and mash for the pigs and I used to like to watch.

These days, if you get lost in the bush, look at the top of a hemlock tree. The top branch points always to the east. In a swamp, look at the moss on the trees. On the north side of the trunk, the moss will be dark; on the south side, it will be light.



School at Kaladar

HISTORY OF KALADAR

By Mary Ann Tryon

The first post office was established on January 1st, 1885, under the name of Scouten. The first Postmaster was Sydney S. Scouten. The name of the office was changed to "Kaladar Station" on February 1st, 1890 and again to "Kaladar" on November 2nd, 1950. For most of this time the post office has been in the same building, one of the oldest in the settlement. Present Postmistress is Mrs. Jean Jamieson.

The first settlers in the area followed the surveyors. After the roads were opened, George Forbes and Joe Morton settled. George Forbes house was on Lot 14, Con. 7. The barn still stands. This is what was known as the Old Forbes Place, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Gutsel. Joe Morton settled on a farm later occupied by the Allport family. Later Silas Scouten arrived and opened a hotel on the site now occupied by Gladys and Walter Hughes. About this time the Pickerings, Tryon and Hughes families settled. The Pickering family settled on a farm near the Mortons south of the village. Nelson Tryon and his wife Ross settled in the house now occupied by their son, John and his wife Irene Tryon. Nelson and his wife operated a boarding house in their home. The Hughes family settled one-half mile north on the "Old Addington Road" on a farm now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Oliver. Mr. Walt Hughes recalls the days when the children would stand on the porch and their father, William Hughes, would tell them how they couldn't go in their bare feet until the last of the ice was out of the marsh. There were two stores in the village; one on the present site of Jack Tryon's home operated by Bill Rigby and the second where Jim Beattie now lives.

The first hotel was operated by John Lewis on the present site of the old Community Hall. The village proper was south of the present No. 7 Highway. In 1882 the railroad was built and a small French village from nearby was moved here.

The first school was south of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kirkham on the old road. This was destroyed by fire in 1930. The new school measured 36 X 20 with a 6 X 6 vestibule. In the summer the kids used to float a raft on the old pond near the school and in the winter they tied on old spring skates that tied to your boot for skating. Folks used to buy their supplies for winter in 100 pound bags; e.g., flour, sugar, tea, rolled oats, as all cooking was done at home. People seldom bought prepared food.

In 1933, the present No. 7 Highway was proclaimed a Provincial Highway.

Mr. and Mrs. Walt Hughes tell of the days when they used to go to dances every night of the week in someone's home, and often the

''dancers'' danced on the box stove. The moonshine flowed like water in a creek until the government introduced the legal liquor.

The first law enforcement officer was Dan Wager from Wagerville, whose job it was to catch the moonshiners.

In 1944 the school was moved to its present site on No. 7 Highway. As the school became over-crowded, the pupils were divided into Junior and Senior classes. The Junior classes were held in the United Church, which was erected in 1928 on Highway 41, until the summer of 1950 when a new addition was built on the school. This school was eventually closed in June 1971 and on May 11, 1974, it was re-opened as the Kaladar Community Centre, owned by the Kaladar Community Club.

The above are the members of the United Church in Kaladar. Although all names are not remembered, some include Miss Mae Allport, Clarence Cos, Alma Forbes, Kathleen York, Gladys Hughes, Dora Hughes, Ethel Wood, Emmy Wood, Norman Allport, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allport, Jack Brown, Margaret Brown, June Vanness (Shire), George Pickering.

The industry was the Rathbun Lumber Company, situated on No. 7 Highway across from the present Fina Station. This later closed. In March 1945 Sawye Stoll Lumber Company came to Kaladar and employed many of the area men. In 1952 a large fire in the shavings began in the winter and burned the whole winter. The mill closed in 1967 and on December 31, 1968 the office and all production was moved to Tweed.

In the late 1940's and early 50's, Stoklosar Mine was in operation just south of the railroad track.

The Kaladar United Church congregation had its beginning with the gift of a piece of land from Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Weese, merchants in Kaladar at the time on May 31, 1926. The deed was accepted by the Church Secretary, Roy Spencer, the transaction witnessed by Walter Vilneff. The church building was completed in 1928. Previous to this time, church services were held in the public school, south of the church location. The first church members were Mr. Allport and family, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Benny and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Forbes and family, Mr. and Mrs. William Hughes and family, Mrs. Ed Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Clark and family, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Spencer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Weese, Mr. and Mrs. George Richering.

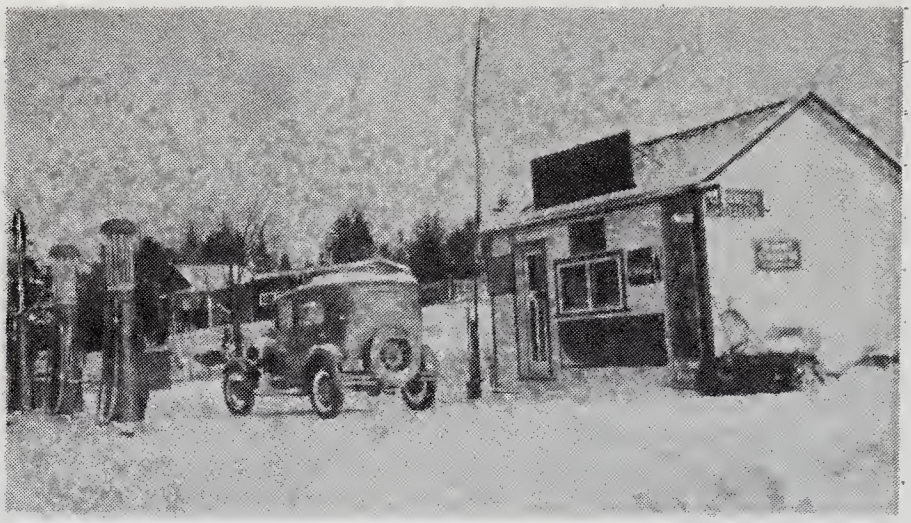
Under the Chairmanship of Rev. Alfred Poulter, organization began with a Finance Committee under Mr. Spencer and a building committee under Mr. Benny. Money was obtained by Personal Subscription, donations from T. Eaton Company and Robert Simpson Company of Toronto. Most of the wood material was donated by Ira Forbes. At various times the project came to a standstill due to a lack of money, material or enthusiasm, but due to the determination of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Benny, the building was completed. A church in Brampton donated the pews, the pulpit by Brown, Superintendent of Home Missions, and the organ was the gift of Rev. Fryell of Napanee. The church was dedicated in the late fall of 1928 free of debt and with the fire insurance paid in advance for three years. Services were held until 1966 when the final service was held on September 25th, 1966 and the church was closed due to a lack of attendance. The building was later sold to the Community Club.

The Kaladar Hotel was erected on its present location in 1934. Part of the hotel was moved from its old location on Highway 41 south beside the store run by Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, the present post office, and added to its present site. The hotel was owned by Mr. and Mrs. David Brydson, who also operated a General Store and Post Office in the old location. They operated the hotel until 1950 when they retired to Toronto. Their son, Glen, who formerly had been and N.H.L. hockey player, continued the management until 1951. Since then, it was operated by Mr. Murphy, later Mr. A. Morris, Mr. Bill Brown, who sold it in 1959 to Mr. Mel Trickey and Mr. Leo Fortin. MR. Fortin left in 1961 and Mr. and Mrs. Mel Trickey assumed sole ownership.

In 1934 Mr. and Mrs. Arnold York purchased the small building in the picture from Mr. Jack Pringle of Arden, who later was the Member of Parliament.

Store purchased in 1934

Mrs. York states that at that time, they thought that if they cleared $1.00 a day they could make a living. At that time they sold mainly gas, oil, tires, and a few canned goods, but later they switched to groceries. In 1939 they built the present store and operated it until



1968 when they sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Jim McDermott. The Yorks also operated a snack bar but later they closed it. In 1970 the McDermotts built the present snack bar, which is still operated. Mr. York was also a School Board Trustee, Councillor, and Relief Officer for the area.

THE BUSY STORE AT KALADAR, ONTARIO

New Store built in 1939

In 1940, Mr. L. K. Shaw built his present garage with business opening July 1st, 1940. In 1950 the Tea Room and an eighteen-foot addition to the garage was added to the east side. This business is still owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Shaw.

Bence Motor Sales was built in 1946 by Joe Bence and his son Bob. Bob has operated the business since its inception with his father until 1959, when he became full owner following the death of his father, Joe Bence.

The Kaladar Pentecostal Church was erected in 1946 by Rev. B. Hunter, now a missionary in Africa. The property was donated by the late Leonard Brown. The next minister, Rev. C. Aide, helped complete the church. Miss Hilda Loucks, with the help of the ladies W.M.C. of the church, finished the inside. The present pastor is Mr. John Newton.

In 1947 the Shell Service Station was built by Don Little, Russell Vanness, Bill Spicer and Art Dunbar. The garage was operated by Don Little and Art Dunbar until 1963. It was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Holtzhauer, who continue to operate the business.

The Sunoco Service Station was erected in 1955, along with the Kaladar Motel, and opened for business August 1st, 1955. The motel consisted of six rooms and in 1958 three more units were added. The garage and motel was operated by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hughes. The garage was sold in 1961 to Mr. Eric Nowell, who operated it until 1967. The business was then purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paddick. Mrs. Martha Hughes continues to operate the business since the death of her husband in 1963.

The Fina Station was completed in 1956 by the Potter Construction. Local men who worked on the project included Herb Parks, Fred Keller, Rolland Keller, Jim Beattie, Orval Thompson and John Keller. Elmer and Don Neal were the first operators and since 1964 it has been operated by Mr. and Mrs. Don Neal.

The construction of the Ontario Provincial Police Detachment at Kaladar commenced in March 1956 and was built by the Department of Public Works of Kemptville, Ontario. The Detachment building consists of a four-car garage, four cells (two male and two female), office, courtroom, apartment and two separate houses, covering an area of approximately 20 acres. The detachment office opened in February 1957 with Const. Fitzsimmons, Officer in Charge. Const. Heppler moved into the first house in March 1957. At this time, there was one detachment vehicle. Through the years, the staff has increased until at present there is now one Corporal and five Constables, along with two vehicles. Mr. Harry Davis was the first caretaker and when he retired, Mr. Ward Lloyd became the present caretaker.

In 1944 the present Community Club of Kaladar was organized with five members. The first meeting was held at the home of the late Mrs. William Hughes. They organized bake sales, gave flowers for community funerals, helped destitute families with food, etc. The monthly meetings were held in the members' homes until 1966, when

the Club obtained the United Church building. The Club drilled a well and built a new kitchen and washrooms and added a new furnace. In 1973, after much discussion with the Lennox & Addington School Board, the deed for the "Old School" was signed by the Community Club and the Board and the school became the new Kaladar Community Centre. With the aid of an L.I.P. Grant, the interior was renovated and on May 11, 1974, the building was officially opened. The Club consisted of 16 members, with Glenda Bence President, Mary Ann Tryon Secretary and Lili Kosziwka as Treasurer. Mrs. Kathleen York is our only remaining Charter Member.

The Addington Road

"This Colonization Road extended for about 73 miles northward from the Clare River, in Sheffield Township to the Peterson Road in Brudenell Township. It formed part of a network of government roads built to open up the southern region of the Pre-Cambrian Shield. From 1854 to 1857 Aylsworth B. Perry, a local surveyor, supervised construction of the road from the Clare River to the Madawaska River. A twelve-mile extension northward to the Peterson Road was added during 1863-64. Settlement of the 'free grant' lands along the route progressed rapidly and by 1862 the population totalled about 800. Although parts of the road were later abandoned, considerable sections were incorporated into the present Highway No. 41."

The above inscription is taken from a Historical Plaque located in the Mini Park in Kaladar. It was erected in 1971 to commemorate the Old Addington Road, which antidated the present Highway 41.

1850 - 1st WICKWARE FAMILY ARRIVED IN CLOYNE,

Lennox and Addington County

Contributed by Ora G. Wickware

Libeous P. Wickware and family of nine, the 10th child, son Libeous was born in Cloyne, after arriving from Mallorytown, Leeds County, in 1850.

The second child of Libeous P. and Catherine Mallory Wickware was Alpheus Philip, born May 9, 1840, in Mallorytown, the eighth generation of the Wickware family.

Libeous P. Wickware and family resided in Cloyne until 1871, when all but Alpheus P. moved to Ellington, Michigan.

Alpheus P. Wickware married in 1864 Mary Melina Spencer
B. 1840 B. 1848
D. 1905 D. 1881

Children: four boys and four girls

1. Annie E. married Samuel Cuddy
   10 children

2. Philip Almont married Mary Wise
   1 child - Ora Gladys
3. Esse B. married George Deline
   7 children

4. Ciena M. died a week after birth

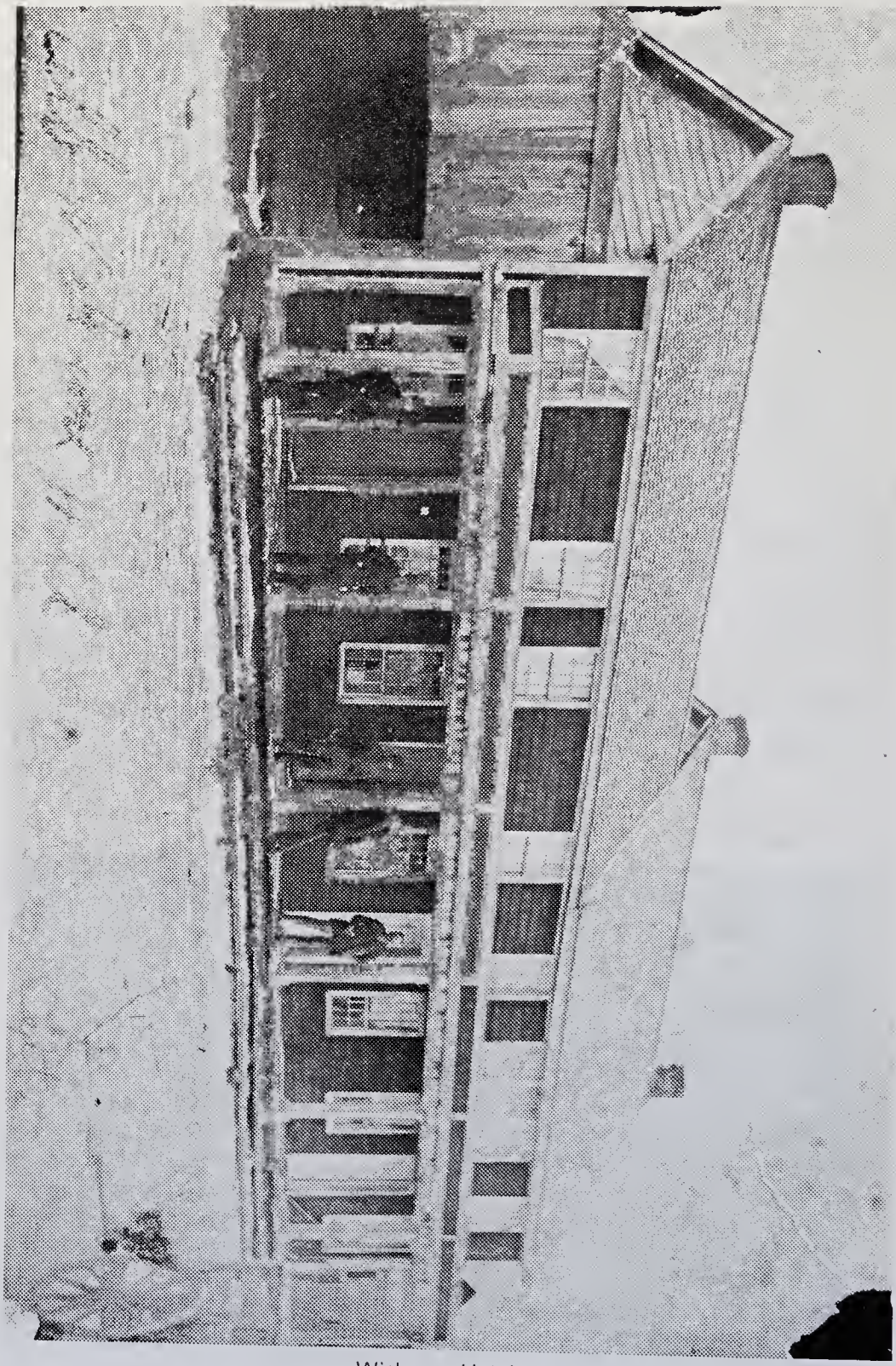
5. C. Burgess married Ida Clark
   6 children - Percival, Frank, Harold, Ralph, Agatha and Jack

6. Charles Iner married Mary Ellen
   3 children - Lois, Helen, Wilma (twins)

7. Mary Ida married Abe Bailey
   1 child - Mabel

8. Elbern E. married Annie Tomey
   2 children - Alpheus Iner and Sherman
   Alpheus Iner married Geraldine Jolly
   2 children - Silvia
   David, B. 1943, M. 1968 Trudy Kent
   1 child - Michael, B. July 5, 1973

Wickware Store Outside Cloyne



Wickware Hotel

The Wickware Hotel was built previous to 1864 by Sheldon Kenyon, who married a sister of Alpheus P. Wickware, whose name was Mary Matilda Wickware, on March 24th, 1868, in Vennachar.

After marriage in 1864, Alf. and wife Mary Melina Wickware moved into the Wickware Hotel, where all their children were born. Included in the book is a picture of the Wickware Hotel. The first door on the left was the entrance to the bar. The third door is the entrance to the dining room. Alf. is standing in front of this on the verandah.

There is a letter dated January 23rd, 1881, written by Mary Melina Wickware to Albert Wickware, a brother of Alf., and she tells him, "only 20 for dinner" that day. This letter was written 10 years after Libeous and the other members of his family had moved to Ellington, Michigan. She died the same year, on December 17th, 1881. 1881.

Alpheus remarried in 1882. The second wife was Isabel Roy, who died within a year. Sometime later, a teacher by the name of Margaret Ann Reid from Reidville, near Tamworth, came back to Cloyne to teach and she became the third Mrs. Alf. Wickware. She died in late 1899.

The Wickware Hotel was taken over by Esse and George Deline late in 1899, and Alf. then made his home with son Philip A. (Mont) until his death in 1905. Mont operated the general store situated across from Barrie Township Hall, which he had purchased from John Graham. In 1914 the business was sold to Joseph Wise, and Mont and family moved to Madoc so that Ora G. would be able to attend High School and later attend Ontario Business College in Belleville.

Afterwards, the Wise store was bought by Wheeler, Spencer, Gibson-Watson, and is now operated by the Goodfellows.

After Deline, the Wickware Hotel was operated by William Young, Drysdale, Irvine, Harry Levere, Rutland, Cole and Alf. Edwards, who owned the property when it burned on December 28th, 1963. He had the deed from the Crown for hotel property, which also included land northward to where Mountain Air Restaurant now is situated. This valuable document was lost when the hotel burned.

Wickwares also owned land, deeded by the Crown, at the head of the Mazinaw and northward almost to MacAvoy Lake.

There were no Wickwares living in Cloyne by 1959. In May 1960 Ora G. moved in the new home she had built one and one-half miles south of the village.

In the summer of 1961, Wilma, daughter of Iner Wickware, and

husband, Bill Brownlee, moved in the home they had built half a mile south of the village.

Harold, son of Bert Wickware, was next to return to the Cloyne area. He bought a home from Allan Meeks, situated half a mile south of Highway 506, and moved down from Toronto in 1965.

Alf., son of Elbern Wickware, employed by Imperial Oil, prepared for his retirement by building a summer home at the foot of the Mazinaw, which he had winterized and made suitable for all-year use. On May 7th, 1969, Alf took up residence in the Cloyne area.

Think of the changes which have taken place since our great-grandfather Libeous brought his family from Mallorytown to Cloyne in 1850.

No doubt they arrived at Belleville by boat and came the rest of the way, using horses to transport them, touching Tweed, Bridgewater (now Actinolite), Flinton, Northbrook and then Cloyne. No hydro, telephone, paved roads, motor cars, motor boats and no airoplanes. No electric stoves, refrigerators, washing machines, driers, electric pumps, inside plumbing, etc., electric kettles, irons, toasters, beaters, vacuum cleaners, etc.

I salute the Pioneers for opening up this beautiful land for us.

Inside Wickware Store

School on the Loon Lake Road

YOUR DREAM

Down from the northeast
Hurl the winter gales;
Man pounds against the walls
Of wind and snow.

Only the strong, rock-rooted
Call this home.

The cracking cold descends with hammer blow.
How does one tell
Of the heaven's ice-blue
Laden with eiderdown snow;
A buried, snowblind world.

One morning,
The sun has warmth again;
The sleeping forest
Starts to stir and wake;
Under the snow.

A booming crack
Zig-zags across the lake.

A hundred geese, high-riding, call afar.
In open water, mallards drop to rest,
Icicles drip-warm winds from the south.
Spirits of water, earth and fire.
This little cabin - your trust
Guard well.

Marjorie Hartmann.

EARLY METHODIST CHURCH IN CLOYNE

The early preaching services of the protestant church of Cloyne were conducted in halls or schoolhouses. One of the first Ministers remembered by some of our oldest residents was a Mr. Clark, who lived in a shanty just south of Cloyne, near the Hydro Electric Power Line, which of course was not built at that time, perhaps not even thought of. At the present time there is a log barn standing near where the shanty was built. Mr. Clark conducted services in the old school house, which was on the road between Loon and Mazinaw Lakes.

One instance remembered by a lady, who helped prepare supper for a tea meeting, was when they came to the school, it was locked and the caretaker or trustee refused to open the school, so the ladies had to take their well-filled baskets home again.

Then a Mr. Nolton came. He lived in the red building, which at the present time serves for a wood shed at the rear of the Cloyne parsonage. He had two sons. Mr. Nolton was a lay preacher, so if anyone wanted to get married they had to travel out to Tamworth or Bridgewater (Actinolite). Of course, there were no cars then, so travel was by a yoke of oxen, or horse and buggy.

Later, an ordained man by the name of Rev. Howard started to erect the church now standing. He made bees and cut the logs on the north shore of Marble Lake, taking them to John Perry's water power saw mill, where Myers Cave Hotel stands. The minister helped with the sawing. Mrs. William H. Head gave the bee men their dinners for three days while the logs were being cut.

The lumber camps were visited by the minister and some of the ladies of the community canvassed for funds to help build the church, which was done by willing workers, who were anxious then for a church.

THE EARLY CHURCH AT CLOYNE CONTINUED

[Contributed by Ora G. Wickware from available records]

The foregoing section stated that Mrs. William H. Head gave the men their dinners for three days while the logs were being cut. Mrs. Head was the former Louisa E. McCausland, born May 18, 1864, and assuming she would have married by 1884, this would place the erection of the structure now standing between 1884 and 1888. Alpheus P. Wickware was married in 1864 to Mary Melina Spencer and was granted Crown Lands from the spot where the Wickware Hotel stood, northward to the road running east, the boundary of the Mountain Air Restaurant. No doubt the land for the church and parsonage was from Alf Wickware.

In 1850 there were a number of families who settled in Cloyne and surrounding area, and they no doubt were anxious to have a church in their midst. The first ministers coming in were like missionaries, travelling about the country. When the church was erected, a minister was assigned. The salary was small, and the people supplied vegetables, butter and meat.

Early records were lost when lightning struck the minister's study in Cloyne parsonage. The earliest available now show Baptisms from 1899 to 1933; Marriages 1899 to 1963; Burials 1899 to 1967. Names of the minsters are shown.

At first, a minister served Cloyne and Harlowe churches and lived in Cloyne parsonage.

When Church Union took place in 1925, Methodist was dropped and the name changed to Cloyne United Church of Canada.

In 1951 a change was made and only one minister was provided to look after the churches at Cloyne, Harlowe, Northbrook, Flinton and Kaladar. The minister was located in the Flinton parsonage. Cloyne parsonage was rented, and in 1965 was sold to George Hatton, who converted it into two apartments.

In 1967 the Cloyne, Northbrook and Kaladar congregations combined meeting in Northbrook Church from September to June and for July and August services are held in Cloyne Church. The reason is that in the summer months with additional tourist congregation, Northbrook Church is too small. Kaladar Church was closed and was sold to the Community Club.

The following notations may be of interest, taken from the old record book starting in 1899.

BAPTISMS

13th Ora Gladys Wickware, Cloyne.

Parents, Philip A. and Mary Wise Wickware.
Date of Birth, May 20, 1899; Baptised, August 19, 1899.
Rev. Montague W. Leigh, Minister.

MARRIAGES

2nd, George Henry Lavier, 24, Residence, Tp. Barrie; Birthplace, Tp. Anglesea.

Tressia Maria Hawley, 19, Residence, Tp. Barrie, Birthplace, Algoma.

Fathers, Allan Lavier and Philo Hawley

Mothers Maiden Names, Tryphena Jackson and Sara Rogers.

Date, June 10, 1899

In the home of Alexander McNichol, Cloyne; Rev. Montague W. Leigh, Minister.

BURIALS

15th Alpheus P. Wickware, Birthplace, 65 Mallorytown; Date of Birth, May 9th, 1840;
Date of Death, August 11th, 1905, Cause, Cancer;
Date of Burial, August 13th, 1905; Place of Burial, dempseys, Cloyne.
Rev. John R. Bick, Minister.

CLOYNE, 1880 - 1890

A former resident of our community, Mrs. Theresa Levere, remembered the Cloyne of her childhood in a taped interview in 1972.

"Starting at the Wickware house and proceeding north, there was a general store and feed barn, then a blacksmith's shop where Brooks' garage is now. The Chosen Friends Insurance Company was next, then the Hall, the Parsonage, the Methodist Church, a small farm, a concession road where the Mountain Air Restaurant is located. North of this concession road was Joseph Benny's farm and a Winters' farm beyond. An elderly lady by the name of Richardson lived alone where the Free Methodist Church now stands. There were farms from there on.

Going south on the west side of the road, there was George Brown's farm, Welly Cummings' farm, Charlie Benny's farm, John Graham's general store was next (where Goodfellows is now), then a concession road. South of the concession road there was a woodworking shop where sleighs and wagons were made. A hotel was next, then the Anglican Church, a farm, the Post Office, where the postmaster was Bid Clark, and a store where Harry Levere's house stands. Last, there was a farm known as the Dayton Place. Mrs. Dayton was English and was a practical nurse, sorely needed as much of the time the nearest doctor was in Tweed.

At that time, flour was $1.75 to $2.25 for one hundred pounds, liquor was 25c a pint, sugar was 5c a pound. Molasses, which was widely used in cooking and as a syrup, came in kegs. You took your own jug to the store and could buy two gallons for 25c"

Mrs. Levere or "Tressy", as she was known to her friends, was a quick-witted, fun-loving woman even into her nineties. Many people can recall her sitting in the living-room of her little pink house, making her memories sparkle and come alive for her listeners. She was young all the days of her life. At the age of ninety-two she could look you straight in the eye and say she hated "old people".

Vennachar School

SCHOOL DAYS

By Ezra Ball

As student, teacher and principal, I have spent forty-four years in the schools of North Addington, the municipalities of Denbigh, Abinger and Ashby and Kaladar, Anglesea and Effingham. The following is an account of incidents and impressions.

Our home overlooked the scenic valley of cedar Lake with the village of Denbigh nestled at the north end of the lake. This beautiful scene, imprinted on my mind when I was a very young and impressionable, has since made me fully comprehend the poet's line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever". Even the white stucco, one-room schoolhouse at the west side of the village remains a pleasurable memory.

I now wonder when I first realized that it was stucco - was it at the age of five, nine or twelve? Certainly, at a very young age the bell rope at the back of the school-room, disappearing through a hole in the ceiling, inspired me to imagine what lay above. The windows high in the north wall left me, and I am sure, other small tots, Leslie, Elsie and Martha, wishing we could somehow perch on the ledge to look at the scene beyond. The large iron box-stove with a pile of heavy

thirty-inch stove-wood piled beside it was comforting. It was a privilege to keep the fire going and to carry in the wood, because this indicated we had passed beyond the tadpole stage.

The east wall consisted of the entrance and exit door, one and the same, and five or six windows flooding the room with light. According to standards guaged by technicians with their light metres, this arrangement should have left all the students blind. However, we sat in rows facing south so that the light came in on my left which no doubt save my eyesight.

The desks were of two types, one type smaller for the primary-junior students and the other type larger for the larger junior and senior students. The deck part was attached to the seat in front, hence it was necessary to have the desks fastened to the floor or on slats so that the desk did not wander away from the student. As the people of the area were progressive-thinking, the desks were attached in groups of five so that the whole section could be moved to make room for cleaning and a play area. Twenty years later, I spent several hours persuading a Board in the "front" country to adopt this idea.

The library was housed in a buffet-type of cupboard capable of holding at least two hundred books behind doors in the upper section. The drawer in the middle was an intriguing temptation to be rummaged through when the teacher was out to lunch. A lower section held such marvellous things as a pair of scales, tin measuring cans and other valuable instruments of instruction.

The teacher's deak was on a raised platform and the south and west walls were covered with slate blackboards, with the exception of the back corner, where a wash-stand stood with a wash-basin and an open pail of drinking water. This was later replaced by a closed tank having a tap at the bottom.

The schoolhouse stood on the north side of an acre plot, which was surrounded by a fence. Just north of the schoolhouse was a large wood-shed and from here the ground sloped up to the north fence, where the toilets stood. You who then attended the one-room schools of North Addington may apply the description of the Denbigh shool to yours and find that the basics are the same and that you need make only some re-arrangement of windows and outbuildings.

My brother George tells me that I first stumbled the mile and a half to school with him when he was teaching at Denbigh. My recollection of this early schooling is vague. Mr. Jack Topper taught for two or three years and was the only teacher I recall strapping me. He did so because he stumbled while exercising that well-known habit of teachers of the early part of the twentieth century, walking backwards up the aisles. The thing he stumbled over was my foot, which he claimed was purposely placed in his path. In true student fashion, I maintained that it was unintentional. However, my foot never got in his path again.

Miss Barber was a favorite of all the younger students because she often played games with us. Miss Anne Lane, daughter of Mrs. Sam Lane who owned the house where the Continuation School was housed, taught for a year or part of a year. Miss Lane allowed us considerable freedom, something which today would have been acceptable, but of which we took advantage. Our parents, who believed strongly in the adaje, ''Spare the rod and spoil the child'', were not pleased.

With the rare exception, slates were no longer used in the 20's. In Senior Second Book I was very proud of my Big 5 scribblers which cost all of five cents. The smaller work-books were bought for two or three cents. All exercise books and text-books were a Reader, the Ontario School Geography, an Arithmetic, a History text in the senior classes and a Health book.

In most instruction, the classes were brought to the front of the room for lessons which varied in time from a minute or ten to twenty or thirty minutes. While our class was being instructed at the front of the room, the other students were working at seat work. This method of providing meaningful lessons for seven different classes was a task extremely well executed by many of the teachers of the one-room schools. In case you have forgotten, the classes were Primer, First Book, Junior Second, Senior Second, Junior Third, Senior Third, Junior Fourth and Senior Fourth.

Having completed the eight classes, we wrote the Ontario High School Entrance Examination and those who were succesful had the opportunity of attending the Denbigh Continuation school. The Denbigh Continuation School consisted of one room, which at one time had been Mrs. Sam Lane's store. The enrollment during the four years I was there was from six to ten students. I was the only boy from my class who chose to attend. Today, from the same area, although the total population has changed very little, the attendance at the secondary school is ten times what it was then.

In 1934, the School Board of S.S. No. 2 hired me to teach in the Vennachar School. This board consisted of three elected trustees, namely Herb Holmes, Stanley Gregg and Herb Rose. Each school section in Denbigh and Kaladar municipalities had at that time a three-trustee School Board. Some of the schools in Denbigh municipality were the Union School at Wenley, Glenfield, Rose Hill, Swamp Road, Slate Falls, Denbigh, Eagle Hill and Mazinaw. In Kaladar municipality there were Loon Lake Road, the Union School south of Cloyne, the Flinton Turn School, Kaladar, Northbrook and Flinton.

There were in North Addington more than forty trustees and since, in many cases, a trustee did not remain in office for more than two years, most of the adult population were involved in the local education in a period of ten to fifteen years. To you who served in

Denbigh School Fair

these boards, it is my privilege to record that you did so with dedication and the highest regard for the well-being of the children. The Board hired a secretary-treasurer, who usually held the position for many years, and who, in some instances, tended to dictate policies and misuse authority from the elected Board.

Today there is only one elected Board member for North Addington as compared with the forty trustees and the twelve to fifty secretary-treasurers. This change evolved through a step introduced in the thirties by the Provincial Government when township area Boards were encouraged. The schools in each municipality were under a five-member School Board. This system was readily accepted in North Addington because extra provincial grants were given.

People were moving away from some areas such as Wensley, Rose Hill, Glenfield and Slate Falls and settling nearer to Hwy. 41. The roads were improved, making it practical to transport the few remaining pupils in some school sections to schools in another section. Glenfield, Rose Hill and Wensley Schools have disappeared and even the sites are overgrown. Eagle Hill school has become the important market centre of tourist trade for Ashby Lake. Others have become family homes or summer homes.

The secondary school education of North Addington was provided by the two Continuation Schools mentioned. Each was established

and administered by the school sections in which it was located by a three-man board.

In 1960, the North Addington District High School area, consisting of the municipalities of Kaladar, Denbigh, Matawachan and Griffith, was established and the students were transported to the North Addington High School in Cloyne. Later, when the County School Boards were formed, the Lennox and Addington County Board decided, as a first priority, to build a central elementary school in North Addington. At the same time, it was necessary to enlarge the North Addington High School and the final result was the North Addington Education Centre which became the school for all pupils of North Addington with the exception of those in Denbigh Municipality up to grade six who remained at Denbigh Central School.

Hence, two schools have replaced the several that were formerly in North Addington and one Board member, the several persons who formerly were responsible for the education of the students.

If the above statement implies losses, these have been compensated for by the finest physical education plant in the province and doubly so by the outstanding staff of teachers who have planned programs and activities far beyond the expectations of those who planned and executed the organization.

Denbigh Continuation School, 1929

THE BEY MINES - IS IT JINXED?

History

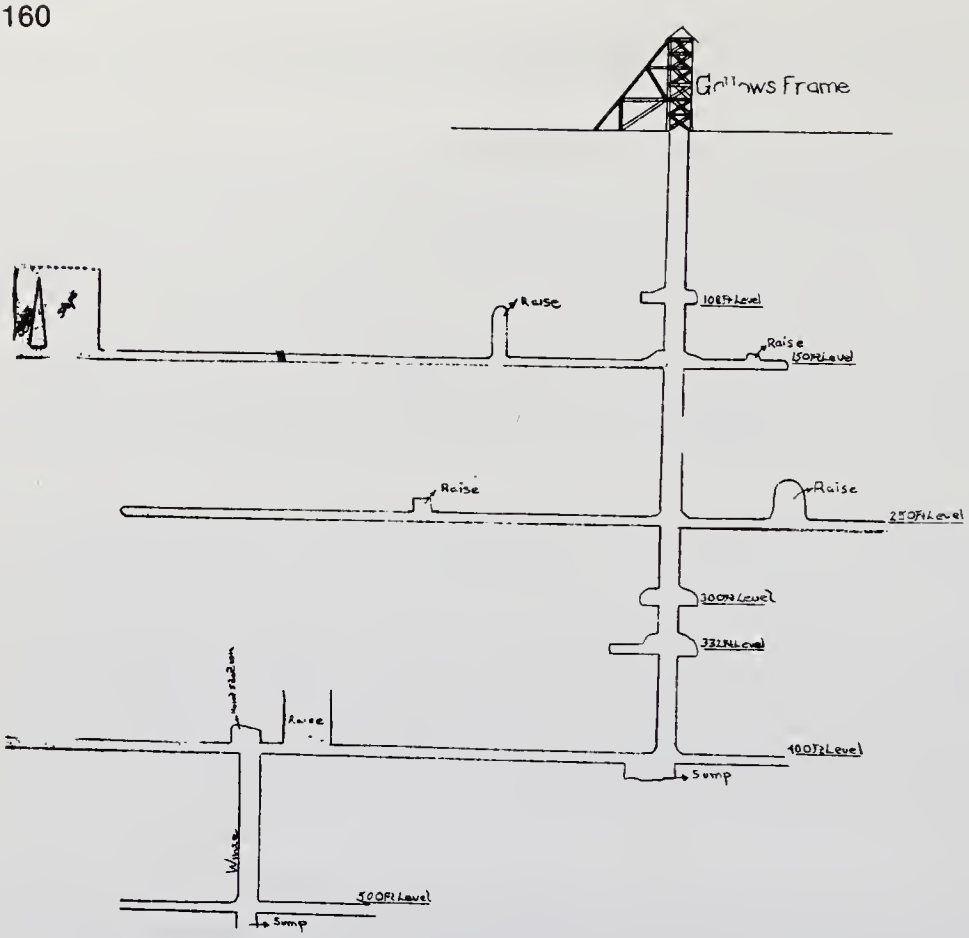
Gold was found on this property in the early 1900's by an Indian named Bey. Some surface development took place and, finally in 1909, the Company known as the Ore Chimney Mining Company was formed and operated spasmodically. The property covers an area of approximately 650 acres. A new Company was formed in 1928, known as the Bey Mines Limited and was operated under that name until take-over by the Eastwebb Mines Limited in 1948 with offices in Toronto. In the 1950's it reverted to the name Bey Mines under various owners and part owners and is still in 1974 using that name.

This mine is located four miles from the village of Northbrook, which has served with its Post Office, garage, merchandising and telephone facilities. Just out of the village were the two Company farms. Men were paid to work them to supply the cookery with quantities of meat and vegetables and hay and oats for the eight and ten teams of horses in the early days. Meat and vegetables have been trucked in to the area from better farming areas for many years now. Cars and trucks have been in use since the middle twenties. The nearest railroad station was the C.P.R., Toronto-Ottawa route, via Kaladar, six miles south of Northbrook.

The Company owned and operated its own power plant at the falls at Slave Lake about four miles from the mine. The Company constructed a series of three dams - Wolf Lake (logs), Loon Lake (cement), and Slave Lake (cement). The main dam across the Skootamatta River was approximately four hundred feet long, eighteen feet high and eighteen feet at the base. This waterway was invaluable to the mine. Some mines across Canada have to transport power many long expensive miles. The system included a canal or raceway, a surge tank, power house, transformer house and a dwelling house for the accommodation of the operator in charge. The Penstock (285 feet long, 7 feet in diameter) carried the water from the artificial lake to the turbines in the Power House. Bill Both was in charge and lived there with his family for 18 years and ran the power house with three eight-hour shifts. The operation of this power house was essential for the very existence of the mine operation and the safety of the underground. This power house began operating in 1920, approximately.

In 1915 a mill was built and an overhead chute from mine to mill (several hundred feet). Steam produced by boilers fired with cordwood handled the power for keeping the mine dewatered, running the hoists up and down the mine, the cars along the different levels, and bringing up ore and carrying it by the overhead route to the mill.

One morning, about 5:00 a.m., in the 1920's, sensational news spread like wildfire to the villages surrounding what was then called

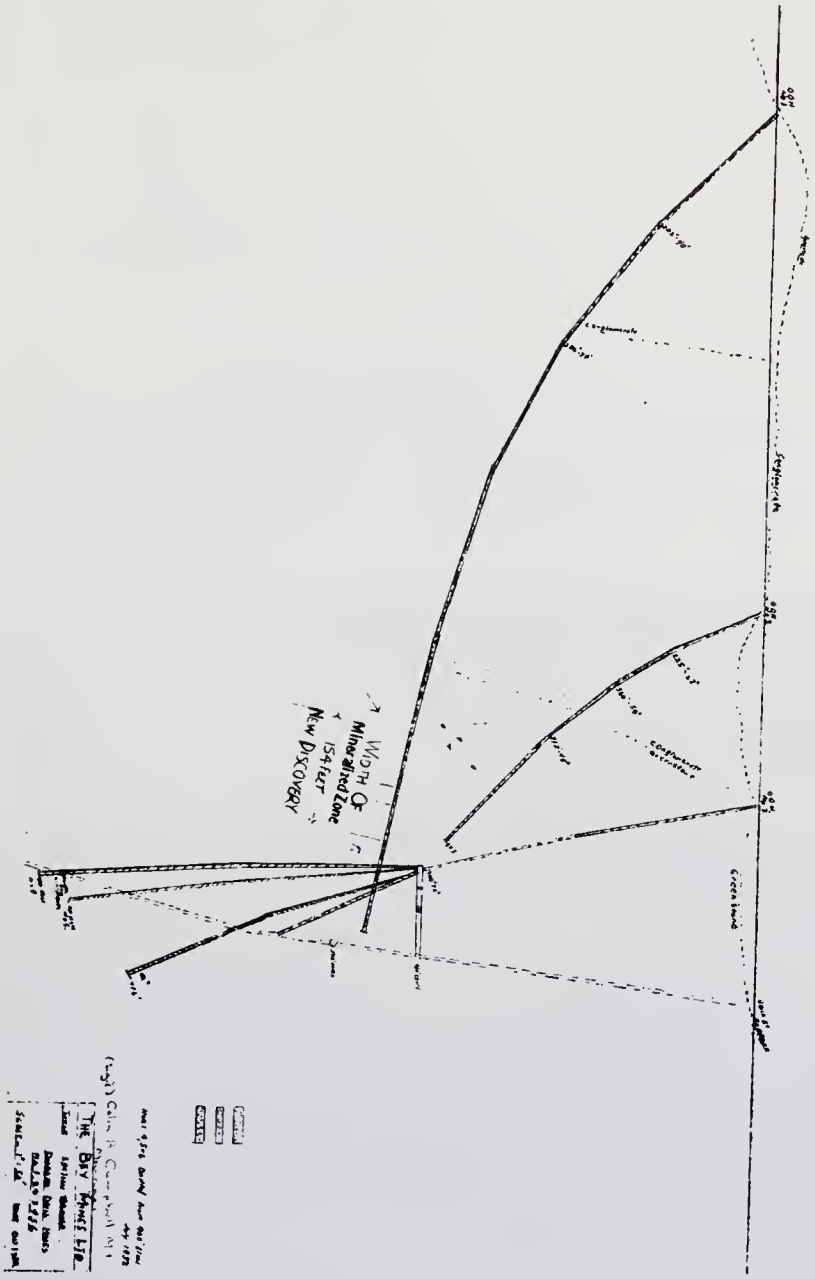


CONCLUSIONS IN REPORT OF H. J. LOGAN, MINING ENGINEER AND GEOLOGIST

the Ore Chimney Mines. At the 500-foot level, a fabulous pocket of gold was struck. The wives and children of families living at the mine ran up to the shaft filling aprons and pockets with the almost-pure chunks of gold that the excited miners were bringing up. Of course, they were stopped as soon as the mine authorities came on the scene to police their gold.

Now came the beginning of a long series of misfortunes and setbacks.

Only a few days after the stike, at the 500-foot level, the dam at the Power House went out. Bill Both telephoned the mine from the Power House and climbed out of a window in the nick of time. The mine flooded very fast and the people in the mine barely reached the top in time. Wagon loads of the 50 to 60 who were employed at the mine rushed the four miles to the dam to help. The horses were white with lather on arrival. The men felled big trees and used them and bags of sand to stem the flow of water. They succeeded, but the makeshift repair job didn't last very long.



The main drawback of the mine is the formation of water fissures or cracks in the rock. This makes plugging and securing dryness difficult and costly.

The presence of this mine has brought a pleasant and valuable addition to the community through the years. The economic advantage has been substantial. Dances and parties were held often

in the large cookery. Moving pictures were brought in to the mine in the early 1920's when they were none other less than fifty miles away. The mine authorities generously invited people from the neighbourhood to see them. Directors, officers of the Company, prospective investors from the large cities of the U.S.A. and Canada, sleighloads and wagon loads of perhaps 35 shareholders were brought in from time to time to see what progress was being made. Financing the undertaking was necessary as well as the seemingly more practical jobs. All these different people brought a little urbanity and occasionally gala times to the mining commune and its village, North brook.

A very well-known mining engineer from Toronto, Mr. Colin A. Campbell, managed the mine from 1930 through 1932. There was much business and social activity there during this period.

The following are quotations from Mr. Campbell's reports:

"Upon completion of our surface drilling, it was decided that the mine be thoroughly sampled, mapped and further diamond drilling be conducted from the underground. The object of the sampling of the entire underground was to procure positive data as to location of the ore chutes and as to their values in the contemplation of production. The geological data and the results obtained from our diamond drilling warranted this immediate action".

The work as above recommended was carried out very thoroughly and completed by August 1932. This work was all done by the mine staff. Some 800 samples were cut under the supervision of Mr. H. J. Logan, M.E., who had had considerable experience in this work. These samples were assayed in our own offices by Mr. George Murphy, a man of some 30 years of assaying and chemical experience, who recently retired from a position as chief assayer of the McIntyre Mine at Schumacher. I employed these two men as I had knowledge of them, and as I wished this work to be thoroughly and carefully done. Mr. Logan also assisted me in the geology of the underground.

The ore chute is mineralized by sphalerite, galena, chalcopyrite and pyrite, much of it being massive.

Mr. Campbell goes on in his report to recommend that a 50-ton mill be built as soon as possible and that the mine be put in shape to feed it (such as carrying out the drifts which showed commercial ore, blocking out the ore now in sight for milling purposes and continuing the depth of the shaft to at least 1,000 feet). He believed from the knowledge he had of the property and of the present data that there were excellent possibilities of locating more ore during the time of milling then was then in sight. More quotations from Mr. Campbell's 1932 report:

"The property is in good position to start operating. As an engineer, I can only offer the results of my connection with you and your company for the last two and one-half years, I may say that it has been very satisfactory in every way and I would recommend that every effort be put forth to procure the finance for the purpose of starting production at an early date, as the property certainly warrants it and I believe will prove the merit of this recommendation.".

"As regards the surface work previously mentioned, about 2,500 feet of trenches were dug. Several mineralized areas were found which coincided with the findings of the Radiore survey, and we also found some others in an area not covered by them. In one test pit on the main vein we got values of $8.00 over a width of 5.2 feet."

Previous to the construction of a mill or getting into production it is vitally important that tests regarding the metallurgy of the ore be carried out in order to determine the process of metal recovery to be adopted.

In conjunction with this procedure tests regarding the metallurgy of this ore were carried out by the ore testing laboratories of the Dominion Government at Ottawa, and by G. J. MacKay, Professor of Metallurgy at Queen's University.

During the month of August, 1932, approximately 165 pounds of ore were taken from several levels in the mine and were sent to the Dominion Laboratories at Ottawa, and this ore was thoroughly tested as to the most efficient and cheapest method of milling. Later, about 500 pounds were sent to the Department of Metallurgy at Queen's University.

The following quotation is taken from the report of Colin A. Campbell, M.E.:

"The Ottawa Laboratory was able to make a high grade copper-lead concentrate carrying about 55% lead after being re-cleaned and about 140 to 150 oz. in silver, which is a very salable concentrate, and was made quite easily. The concentrating tails and the re-cleaning tails were then cyanided. The combined extraction of the gold in these two operations was 96.5%. Extraction of silver was approximately as high.

"The result of Professor MacKay's work, while not yet definitely reported on, showed that he is receiving similar results."

Colin A. Campbell, M.E., went on to manage the Barry-Hollinger mine, and subsequently invited into politics. In 1934, Frank James, M.E., managed the mine for a year. The Company was unable to raise money to further finance the mine, perhaps due to the war threats, so the mine was closed until Mr. Webb formed a Company called the Eastwebb Mines Limited, with offices in Toronto. On

October 12th, 1948, Colin A. Campbell, M.E., presented the Eastwebb Mining Company the full report he had been asked for.

Mr. Webb made plans and preparations to start work on the mine again. He had 28 men all set to start work on a Monday morning and on Sunday the day before he collapsed and died. Thus, once again, the mine lay dormant.

In 1956, Cavalier Mines did extensive repairs to the buildings and mine head in preparation to go ahead. They ran out of money and weren't subsidized.

In 1967, a group of men from Detroit came to dewater the mine. They started in the fall but were frustrated by stringent demands from the Department of Mines, and before the men could satisfy the frequent changes they kept getting requests for, it was November and the work was called off because of ice and snow.

Different interested parties and owners make occasional trips from New York and Detroit, but nothing concrete yet. In the winter of 1973-74 a group established a post office address in Northbrook by renting a mail box. In the spring of 1974, $250,000.00 was available to the group and all that was needed was signatures of all. A disagreement over policy and authority ensued, and everyone didn't sign and again the Bey Mines lies waiting, waiting.

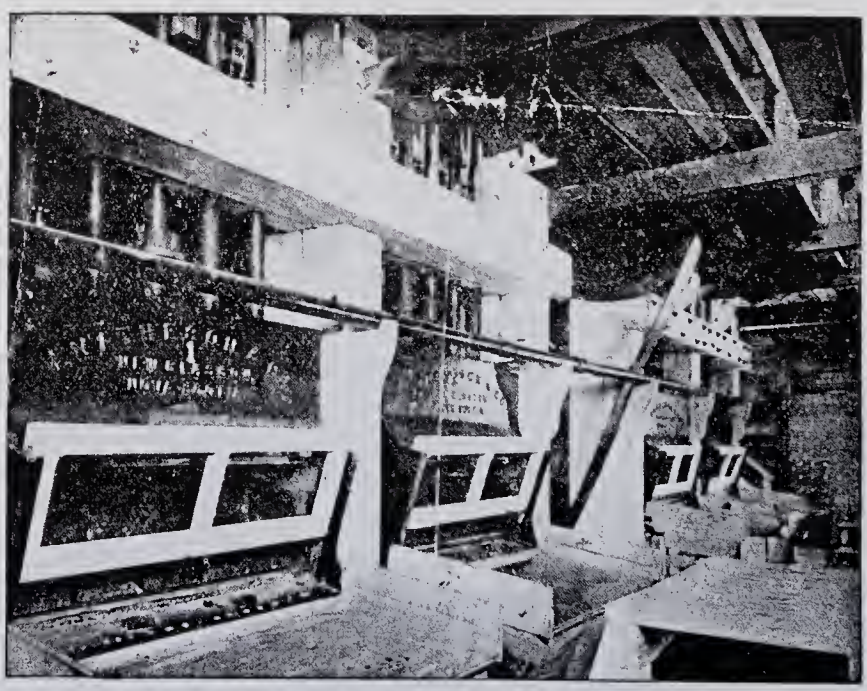
Ore CHIMNEY MINING Company, Limited

View of Top of Mill, Staff House
Fire-proof Office, Boarding House, etc.

VIEW OF SHAFT HOUSE, POWER HOUSE, BLACKSMITH SHOP, PART OF ORE DUMP, ETC.

VIEW SHOWING ORE DUMP ESTIMATED AT 30,000 TONS

VIEW OF ORE MILL. ESTIMATED CAPACITY 300 TONS DAILY



INTERIOR OF MILL SHOWING 20 STAMP BATTERY.
ALSO AMALGAMATING PLATES

CEMENT DAM No. 1,
18 FT. HIGH, 360 FT. LONG, WHICH CHANGES COURSE OF RIVER

DAM No. 7, UNDER CONSTRUCTION
27 FT. HIGH, 408 FT. LONG, NOW COMPLETED

SHOWING PART OF LAKE CREATED BY SYSTEM OF DAMS

PARTY OF DIRECTORS AND STOCKHOLDERS INSPECTING POWER DEVELOPMENTS, ETC.

BLASTING
FOUNDATION
FOR
POWER HOUSE

MAKING CUT FOR
TAIL RACE WHERE
WATER EMPTIES BACK
IN SKOOTAMATTA
RIVER AFTER
LEAVING WHEEL

OUR KIND OF COUNTRY

By Mildred Maitland

Our parents were not pioneers in this district, nor were we born here. We live here by choice. We adopted this lonely part of the country in which to retire. So we were told as directors of the Pioneers that we rate space in this book.

We bought our property in the fall of 1948. As there was practically nothing on it except a few small pine trees and brush near the water, we decided to try to improve it.

So, in the spring we would leave Toronto early in the morning of my husband's day "off" and stop at Orono to pick up pine seedlings.

Rain or shine - and it always seemed to be more rain than sunshine in those days - we would spend our day planting the wee trees. As we had no shelter, except the car, we would dash out between showers, plant a few seedlings and scoot back to the car until the worst of the downpour had subsided.

We planted 2,500 seedlings, which of course did not all grow. At that time we were typical city folks, knowing as little about planting and the country as they did about us!

At the end of the day, we would look at the results of our labour and wonder if we would ever see them mature. Luckily, we have, because our home is now among those pines.

The first few summer vacations our son, Allan, and I spent here, were in a one-room shack, built by Arleigh, who was getting quite proficient with a hammer and saw, so we were comfortable.

Allan, born and raised in cities, did not care for the country until he became acquainted with Roger Snider, Doro Levere, Elwin Spencer and Caird boys.

Our early trips generally took us four and a half to five hours because there was no No. 401 Highway. Number 7 was gravel, made more hazardous, as it was in the process of widening and paving.

When we came at night, which was often, it was very dark and lonely, with little traffic. In the few homes we passed, we could see an odd glimmer of a lamp inside, as few people had electricity, which is so commonplace today.

In the intervening years, we had our home built with all we need to make us comfortable in our retirement. This occurred in the winter of 1969, when we moved from Toronto - here among the numerous friendly people.

That is what everyone is around here - true friends - who will do everything possible in every way to help when it is needed.

Here we shall live, in health, God willing, until the end of our days.

NOTES

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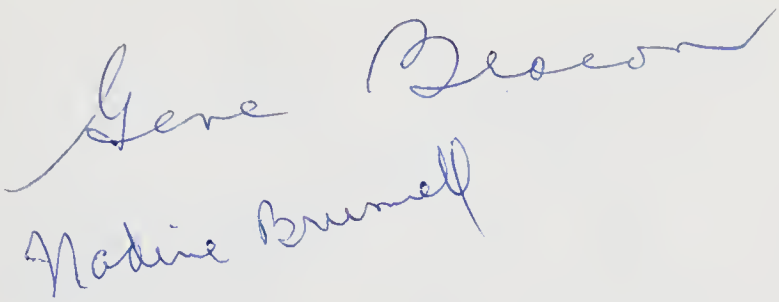
NOTES

AUTOGRAPHS



Madawaska River
HWY #1
Haliburton
Maple Lake
Redgut Lake
Mosley Lake
Bear Creek
Long Creek
Pennachee
Plevna
Ardock
Jeanleigh
Maniwaki Lake
Clayne
Northbrook
Kaladar
No. 7 Hwy

DATE DUE

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